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Rev W Branscombe NB
KILLAMS MILLS NB

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Victorian India Orphan Society.

ACCOUNT OF THE WORK DONE AT DHAR.

Mr. Russell's Report.

The following interesting report by the Rev. Frank Russell, of the work done by the Victorian India Orphan Society at Dhar, Central India, was read at the recent annual meeting of the Society in Winnipeg:

At the beginning of the year, Dr. Nugent, who has been in charge of the work at Dhar during my absence, was removed to Ujjain, to take up work there, and the Rev. A. P. Ledingham was appointed to Dhar in his place. Shortly after his arrival, 35 of the boys who had been gathered in from the recent famine, were sent to take up the trade of rug making. This change was made on account of the large number of boys and the difficulty of providing suitable occupation for them all. The remaining 55 boys were at the same time removed from the V. I. O. S. building, which they had hitherto occupied, to the building on the mission compound, which had been erected during the famine of 1897, and the girls who had been living in the mission hospital were taken over to the V. I. O. S. building, where they now reside.

During the year the number of the boys was increased by occasional additions, and a few were lost through death. The latter were boys who had been sickly from the first, and had never recovered from the terribly emaciated condition to which the famine had reduced them. The full number of boys in the orphanage at the close of the year is 65. This includes a number who, though practically independent, still maintain their connection with the orphanage, and are under its supervision and discipline.

On my return to Dhar in November, 1901, I found that of the boys who had been brought up in the orphanage under our care, three had been offered and accepted positions in the native state of Ali Rajpur, which is largely a Bhiel state; of these, two boys were originally Bhiels, so that they are quite at home among their own people, and are in a position to exercise a good influence over them, and do good work among them. Their work is in connection with the forest department of the state, and is under the supervision of a British official, who has taken considerable interest in the boys, and was instrumental in obtaining these positions for them. In the course of their work they are brought constantly into contact with Mohammedan police and others, while their immediate superior is also a Mohammedan, so that they have to endure a certain amount of persecution on account of their being Christians. But they have encouragement and assistance from the presence near them of a number of Christian people, as their work is in the vicinity of one of our mission stations, 'Amkhut,' which they regularly visit. These three boys, or young men as they really are now, have been recently married to three of our oldest Bhiel girls, and have, therefore, now settled homes down amongst their own people, where we trust they will be a means of much blessing. Their present pay is small, but their positions are assured and permanent so long as they do faithful work, and they have the prospect of regular increase in pay, with a retiring pension after twenty-years' service.

Of the other boys who are no longer a burden on the orphanage, one who had been taught the work of a 'syce' (one who has the care of horses), accompanied Dr. Nugent to Ujjain. We frequently hear reports of his work and progress, and are assured that he is a faithful and efficient worker.

Two other boys are doing the same work here in Dhar, and though not thoroughly fitted for it yet are under training, and will doubtless become more efficient as time goes on. They are at present receiving a pay that renders them independent of the Orphanage for food and clothing, and as they become more proficient their rate of pay will be increased accordingly. Two others are under training as domestics, one of them has been for a long time now independent of the Orphanage, but maintains his connection with it, as he has in the meantime no other home.

Since my return six other boys have been given positions which make them wage earners, and so place them beyond the need of support from the Orphanage, though they have not been separated from it. Two of these boys have become fairly proficient in the work of tailoring, and can cut out and put together the suits of native clothing in a very creditable manner. In a recent contest in this line, in which a prize was offered in Calcutta, for the best made native kurtta, or native coat, our two boys succeeded in obtaining the only prizes that were given. As they are expert in the use of the sewing machine, we hope that they will go on to more elaborate and better paying work, though even now they are quite able to support themselves. Much of the success which the two boys who have undertaken the tailoring work have achieved is due to the work and care bestowed on them by Mrs. Lechingham, who during the time of her stay in Dhar, took this part of the work under her own charge, and taught the boys not only the making of native garments, but a certain amount of English tailoring as well.

The four remaining boys are now old enough and sufficiently advanced in their work, that of gardening, to be able to support themselves, and they have been made independent with a regular wage, which is necessarily small at first, but quite enough for their need, and it will be increased as they gain in experience and ability. We hope that these boys will soon be able to undertake work for themselves, if sufficient land for the purpose can be obtained. Of the other boys in the Orphanage, a large number are so small as yet, that no steady or severe work can be expected of them. Many of them are employed to assist the larger ones in the gardening, while a considerable number work at durrie weaving. The durrie is a sort of carpet, much used by the natives, and our boys have succeeded in turning out some very good work of its kind. This is not intended, however, as a permanent occupation, but is mostly taught as something to which the boys may turn when occasion offers. The knowledge of a trade of this kind, which any of them may carry on in their own homes in connection with the other work, will always prove helpful.

SCHOOL WORK.

During the year the school work has been carried on as usual; a number of the boys have made marked progress, while others are still in the elementary stages. They are in school for two and a half hours daily; some in the mornings, others again in the afternoon. Of the present number on the roll, four are in the fourth book, four in the third, twelve in the second, and the remainder in the first book and alphabet class. The fourth class has recently lost more than half its number, as the boys who have been taken out of school and given permanent work were of this class. They can all read fluently any ordinary book in Hindu, and are especially ready in the Bible, and as they had nothing to gain by remaining any longer in school, their connection with it has been severed. Two of the older boys, who gave promise of exceptional ability in this direction, have been retained in school, as under teachers, and will in due time, if they make good progress, be fitted for the regular work of teaching.

The spiritual interests of the boys have been a first care. I have continued the Bible class, carried on by Mr. Ledingham, and find the boys interested and eager to learn. The larger boys receive an hour's teaching daily and the smaller boys are with me for half an hour or so. Those of the large boys are able to take part intelligently in public meetings, and are very faithful in their attention to this part of their work. In the absence of their instructor in the Bible for a short time during the year, they carried on the class as best they could amongst themselves, thus showing how much they valued the teaching they had received.

Since the beginning of the year eight boys have been baptized as Christians, and have shown generally by their conduct the reality of their profession. In the examination for all India on the International Sabbath School Lessons for the year five of our boys obtained first class certificates, seven of them second class, and one a third class certificate.

Girls.—During the time the girls were living at the Mission hospital they were merely taught verses of scripture, hymns, etc., as it was impossible to make proper provision there for school teaching. But on their removal to the Orphanage building, school was instituted for them, and they have since received regular teaching for five hours a day, with the result that there are now twenty-two girls in the second book, and the remainder in the first. Within the short time some of the girls have made really wonderful progress.

Out of school their time is taken up with the work that usually falls to the lot of girls in this land. They, of course do all their own sewing, and in addition to grinding their grain and doing their own cooking, they have lately undertaken to do the cooking for the boys as well, much to the satisfaction of the latter. The bread for the boys is baked twice a day and carried over by the girls on their way to school morning and afternoon.

In addition to the ordinary sewing ten of the girls are being taught drawn thread work, and already several of them have developed quite a talent for this sort of work. Their work has been admired by all who have seen it, and finds a ready sale.

The girls are all accustomed from their earliest years to work in the open air, and during the rainy season they were busy, all their spare time in the garden round about the orphanage building, planting trees, among them being quite a variety of fruit trees, and also putting in a hedge between the orphanage ground and the neighboring garden.

During the year, too, the well which was begun some time ago was finished, and built up in brick and mortar, so that we now have a well about fifteen feet in diameter, and fifty feet deep, with a supply of water for the needs of the orphanage.

The girls as well as the boys have made good progress in Bible study. They receive an hour's instruction every morning from Miss O'Hara, and the more advanced come to me for half an hour's teaching as well. They are particularly assiduous in their study of the Sunday school lesson, and in the examination, to which reference has already been made, one of the girls received a first-class certificate and three others a third-class certificate. During the year 18 girls were baptized on profession of faith.

We expected to build a new dormitory last summer and hope to do so in the near future, as there is most special need for it.

For most of the information given in the above report I am indebted to Miss Dr. O'Hara, who I need not say has been indefatigable in her efforts on behalf of the orphan children, especially the girls, of whom she has the whole care. The progress they have made in every direction has been entirely due, under God, to her untiring interest and zeal.

We close the year with devout thankfulness to God, for his many blessings, and manifest guidance, and with the prayer that during the year upon which we have now entered we shall see even greater and more blessed results of the work that is being done for those orphan children of India.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) F. H. RUSSELL.

Dhar, Central India, Jan. 16, 1902.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Green Bonnet: a Story of Easter Day.

(By Sarah Orne Jewett, in 'The Youth's Companion.')

To begin with, Miss Sarah McFarland had not thought well of the bonnet she had worn all winter.

It was a presentation bonnet from an aunt who lived in Boston, and was therefore entitled to proper respect; but if the aunt, who had presented it the autumn before, not without parting pangs and a sense of great generosity, had seen how many times the present owner had angrily ripped off the feathers and moved them from side to side, and curled them with the edge of the scissors until they looked thinner and more and more spiritless, she would certainly have sighed over an unappreciated gift. There are many advantages about ostrich plumes but now and then some wilful relics of those energetic birds refuse to curl or to curve, or to look anything but flat or forlorn.

So all winter long Miss Sarah McFarland, aged eighteen, had never gone to church on a single Sunday without regret at her own appearance, and the green velvet bonnet had got many an angry glance and pettish shake. Sarah was always more or less conscious of being a horrid spectacle of tastelessness to the rest of the congregation. She sometimes had so keen a sense of those worn-out feathers which topped her pretty head that they felt as if they had stems that came through like sharp pins.

It was really such an awful old bonnet for a girl to wear; poor Sarah began to feel as if it somehow made her look more and more like the aunt who had given it, and who was anything but a beauty. The fact that she owned a good house in Boston and could do many things for her namesake did not make her any pleasanter, either. She was not likely to do the things a person wanted done.

But Sarah's father had very little money, and there were four girls younger than she. So she forbore, as she walked to church, to give unnecessary glances at the shadows of those sprawling little flat feathers on the snow.

There were almost no ways for a girl to earn money in Walsingham. It was a large township among the northern hills, with scattered houses and only one group which could by any stretch of imagination be called a village. This was composed of the church, Mr. Bent's store where the post-office was, and the blacksmith shop, which was a shop of high renown. John Tanner, the blacksmith, was almost a man of genius; that whole region of country depended upon him. He had taken the business at sixteen, when his father died, and now at twenty-four or five he was one of the best known men in a large neighborhood.

Everybody said that, with his instinctive knowledge of machinery and his power of handling metal, he should have been a trained mechanic. He had some artistic gift, but there was little chance to exercise this except now and then in a handsome pair of wrought-iron hinges for a barn door, or a really beautiful bracket which he once hammered and twisted out to hold a lantern which should light the meeting-house steps for Wednesday evening meeting.

John Tanner and his mother lived in the comfortable story-an-a-half house beside the shop and opposite the church. She was a hospitable, motherly soul, full of generosity. They were very well-to-do, and every Sunday noon she was sure to have some friends to dinner between the morning and afternoon services. Sarah McFarland's mother, a hard-worked, delicate woman, was often invited, but Sarah herself and the younger girls took care of themselves, being so young and active. They lived only a mile and a half from the church, which was not so far, after all.

Distances were great between house and house in Walsingham, and almost every farmer had a great deal more land than he could manage—almost all the timber-land had been stripped and left the country dreary. Sarah's father was one of these

ALL PLEAS FOR A NEW BONNET WERE UNHEEDED BY HER FATHER

poor farmers, and it seemed hard to everybody that instead of a growing family of stout boys to help him work on the land, he had only his five girls; and it was often said that Sarah, the eldest, would have been so much more help if she had been a boy.

It seemed to everybody that Sarah was growing prettier every day, and toward spring in spite of her youthful sorrows, and even the shadow of mortification which attended the Sunday church-going, her bright beauty attracted much public attention. In the old days everybody went to church regularly, both morning and afternoon, and stayers at home were carefully accounted for; but in these days you could choose between morning and afternoon, and there was general disappointment among the older people if Sarah McFarland did not come up the aisle. Beauty is beauty wherever it is, and shines brightest in a dull place like Walsingham, where one has so little in any house to delight the eye.

But when Sarah, in the old-fashioned velvet bonnet, thought of her despised head-gear and blushed for shame and sorrow, it was the moment when she looked prettiest, and made a thrill of pleasure in the country church. She was a good child, and many a dull-looking old farmer, sleepy with a hard week's work, got more delight in looking at her than in the whole week besides. As for the young men, there were very few to share this pleasure. They went away as fast as they could, just as the girls did, to get something to do in the larger towns. Sarah herself was going to Boston to live with her aunt as soon as her next sister could take her place at home. They had a milk farm, and there was a great deal to do. Ethel was a good scholar, and this was to be her last year at school. Sarah did not care much for the prospect of be-

ing with her aunt, but the reader will not be surprised to hear that she had views of learning the milliner's trade.

Spring seemed to be coming early that year; the sap had started in good season in the maple-trees, and the snow was going off steadily. Easter was neither very early nor very late, and winter was departing with unusual gentleness. The weekly newspaper spoke of a very early spring indeed, farther south in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and told wondrous tales of first bluebirds and the astonishing flight of wild geese.

But in Walsingham there was plenty of snow in the woods and along the fences. The renewal of life along the fields, the bloom of color in the wintry thickets, the reddening willows and the brown buds gave the same old pleasure and sense of spring-like hopefulness. After a day or two of warm rain and the swift departure of both frost and snow, the brooks began to run, and the children began to play beside them, and all the waggon-wheels in Walsingham seemed to be trying to see which should carry the most mud on their spokes.

It was the first week in April. Easter fell upon the eighth; and in spite of the muddy roads the weather was so lovely that everybody, old and young, began to venture out to pay visits or to do errands. It had rained so hard all day on Sunday that there were very few people at church, but by the quick and efficient means of telegraphy which prevail in country neighborhoods, it was hardly Monday noon before the most remote parish heard the news that the minister was going to have an Easter service, and a Sunday-school sermon.

Many young people were summoned to the parsonage Tuesday and Friday and Saturday nights to practice, and already the minister had sent Sarah McFarland a long piece of poetry, that she might have time to learn it. She was by far the best speaker among the young people, and had often figured in both school and Sunday-school to the delight of everybody. She had a clear, pretty voice, and she gave the lines she repeated with a good deal of natural dramatic talent. You never thought how well she spoke, but only how beautiful or interesting the poetry was, which is the best praise one can ever give.

The messenger who brought the book was Mrs. Martin, a lively, talkative person, who lived near the parsonage.

'Seems as if we were right on edge o' summer this warm day,' she said, unfastening her heavy shawl and unbuttoning the winter jacket under it.

'Yes,' said Sarah McFarland's mother, 'but you do right not to dress too thin driving in this damp air, Mrs. Martin.'

'I must be thinking of spring,' returned the guest. 'I hear there's goin' to be a number o' new spring bonnets appear out on Easter Sunday. Mis' Folsom got hers, and so did her sister, Mis' Pease, when they were to Portland, and they said 'twas earlier than usual to lay off winter things, but they didn't know but they might wear 'em if it continued pleasant like this. 'Twould sort of mark the day; and I've heard of others.'

Sarah McFarland's heart felt as heavy as lead. It had never occurred to her that the looked-for day of change had already come, when she could stow away that obnoxious old velvet bonnet and hope that every moth in Walsingham would get a bite of it before another year. But she had nothing to wear in its place.

She kept giving eager glances at her mother, the quick color kept coming and going in her cheeks during Mrs. Martin's visit, and she listened only with half-interest to the plans for the Easter service in which, it seemed, John Tanner, as well as herself, had consented to take part.

All our heroine's pleas for a new bonnet were unheeded by her father, who said that he was hard pressed for money, and she must wait for what she wanted until the first of May. He was not a stingy man, but Sarah was old enough to know that he was hard pressed oftentimes.

She gave a quick sob of disappointment before she thought, and said, 'O father, I wouldn't tease you, but I've got to speak Sunday, and stand right up in front before everybody in that dreadful old bonnet of Aunt Sarah's. It does look so, father!'

John McFarland turned just as he was hurrying out at the door and looked at her kindly.

'I think my little girl looks pretty in anything,' he said.

Then both felt very shy, and he hurried away still faster, stumbling down the step after he spoke.

Sarah felt only half-appeased then, but it was something she was going to remember with happiness all her life long—her father's speaking so.

The days flew by until Saturday, and the spring weather held to its bright intent; sometimes the soft mist covered the country and hid the distant hills, and then the spring sun came out again.

Sarah had learned her long Easter poem and they had had the last rehearsal the night before. John Tanner had a beautiful tenor voice and was going to sing a solo. People talked of nothing but the Easter service.

It has already been said that Sarah McFarland had four younger sisters. The two elder ones were steady, school-going girls of twelve and fourteen; and then there was another pair much younger, of whom the larger, Esther by name, was a naughty person. She had now reached the age of seven years, and there was hardly a day that she did not lead little Eunice, a mild and timid child of five, into some sort of danger and mischief. They were too young to walk all the distance to school, but Mrs. McFarland said that Esther must go with the elder sisters when the summer term began.

One of Esther's last diversions had been to build dams in a neighboring brook, which was now in high flood. Now, when she was kept indoors because Eunice had got such a cold that it almost threatened the expense of a doctor, she had begun to play gaily that she was grown up and wearing trains.

Mrs. McFarland found her own best dress parading to and fro in the long wood-shed. Esther's head was high in air, and as she turned to behold the regal appearance of the train behind, which was already adorned with a fringe of little pine chips, she trod perilously into the front breadth at almost every step. Mrs. McFarland rescued the dress and spoke sharply to Esther, who couldn't quite understand such a needless excitement, or why she need be called a little torment.

'I will get something o' Sarah's,' she said, 'Sarah is real pleasant, and I'll play out-o'-doors again this afternoon. Eunice has got to stay in.' Later this bad little girl departed toward her favorite play-place in the pasture, clothed in a summer dress of her sister Sarah's, which she had, with unusual thoughtfulness, pinned up into clumsy festoons. She also wore the green velvet bonnet, set very much on one side, and the worn-out feathers flapped weakly as she ran.

The bonnet lurched about, and if it had not been for the glory of being dressed up like a grown lady Esther could not have borne it on her head so long.

Presently, having discovered the brook to be in a glorious state, with sticks to dislodge and scamper after down the rushing stream, she was obliged to remove the heavy velvet bonnet, which bobbed over her eyes at inconvenient moments, and hung it scornfully to an alder bough and went her happy way.

At supper-time she appeared hungry and happy. She bethought herself to steal into the bedroom unobserved and hang Sister Sarah's summer dress in its place. It was splashed and muddy, and torn where she had pinned it up.

'I think it looks like a shower,' said Mr. McFarland, as they sat down to supper that Saturday night.

It did rain all night long, a searching rain that pattered steadily against the windows after it once began; and it rained half the next day, to everybody's dismay, but Sunday noon it cleared off bright and pleasant.

Sarah McFarland had been trying to forget about bonnets, but it was impossible. While it rained she was partly consoled, but when April began to smile she began to feel sad again. Her father was putting in the horse, and all the family were ready to go, even pale little Eunice, whose cold was better.

Suddenly Sarah came out into the kitchen to tell her mother that the velvet bonnet could nowhere be found.

There was a sudden consternation; they were already afraid of being late, and to everybody's surprise Esther began to cry.

'I was playing queen, and I dressed me up, an' I wore her old bonnet down by the brook, and it got in my eyes, so I taked it off, an' it's there now in a bush, an' it'll be all rained on!' Esther mourned aloud and lifted up her voice with her usual unaffected contrition at such moments.

'You dreadful little girl!' said Sarah. 'Why, I must stay at home, and who'll speak my piece?' Esther was frightened for once in her life.

'You've got to go, Sarah,' said her mother. 'Where's that pretty best hood o' Martha's that her aunt sent her?'

'Take my hat,' said Martha, 'and I'll wear the hood.' But Martha had a piece to speak, too.

It was a terrible emergency. Their father was calling. Martha hastily brought the white hood with its blue border and glittering beads; it had been sent only a week or two before for her birthday. Aunt Sarah was always peculiar about her presents.

For a moment this seemed more than a girl's heart could bear. Then Sarah thought that it was too bad to make everybody else miserable. She had a great tenderness for little Esther, who looked up at her so broken-spirited; the child hadn't meant to do wrong.

'Yes, I'll wear the hood; it's real light and pretty,' she said, gallantly, and they were all so happy at that sad moment's end.

Nobody thought for a minute of making Esther stay at home; they all crowded into the big two-seated waggon, but poor Sarah felt like crying all the way to church.

It was really a terrible ordeal to go up the aisle to the speakers' seats that faced the audience, wearing a white winter hood. Just as they were going into the church, which already looked full of people, Mrs. Martin, who seemed to be chief marshal,

ran a step or two up the aisle and caught the sisters.

'They're all going to take their hats off, all those that set on the platform,' she said, in a loud whisper. 'Here, girls, give me yours and I'll deposit 'em in the singin' seats, where they'll be safe.'

The McFarland sisters looked at one another with joy. Sarah's smooth young head was never so pretty to look at; her cheeks were like two roses, and the happiness of deliverance shone through her eyes. She spoke her piece beautifully, and John Tanner sang as he had never sung before. In fact, all did their parts well. It was a great Easter day in Walsingham. As for the minister, he talked in quite a wonderful way about Easter itself and the beginnings of a new life in nature and in the heart. The farmers understood him, every word; they had never thought so much before of the planting and growing of a grain of wheat and all it meant. Mr. West was a very uncommon sort of minister.

Even little Esther, fresh from disgrace, meant to put naughtiness behind her and try to be a better girl. But she could not understand on Easter Monday morning why Sarah followed her when she was going secretly to the brookside to recover the bonnet. And Sarah seemed so happy and good-natured and not at all offended; and when she saw the green velvet bonnet fairly ruined, she began to laugh heartily.

'I'd like to sail it off down the brook,' said Sarah, as soon as she could speak. 'But perhaps the old velvet will be good for something.'

'Can't you ever wear it again?' asked Esther, with wide eyes.

'No, I hope I can't,' said Sarah, frankly, looking down at the little sister. She seemed very happy indeed. 'John Tanner said last night when we were walking home that nobody minded about Easter bonnets, anyway. It didn't count the least bit what some people had on—that's just what he said, Essie.'

But Esther could not understand any better, and she plodded home beside her sister, still feeling a little guilty. Even their mother who was usually so careful about everything, began to laugh when she saw the ruins of the bonnet. 'I guess it had had its day, darling,' she said. And Esther felt then as if the worst were over.

'Did you tell John how you came to wear the hood to meeting?' asked Mrs. McFarland, and Sarah said, 'Yes, I did, mother.' And Esther noticed that her elder sister's cheeks grew very bright, and could not help wondering why.

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The Easter Message.

(By Hope Daring, in 'The Standard.')

'There's a carriage driving up to the front gate, mother. Who can it be?'

Before Mrs. Jones could reply to this question, Lucile, another daughter, appeared in the kitchen door.

'It's a lady, mother. Come.'

The mother hurried forward where she could look out of a front window. The next moment her fair, matronly face was aglow with pleasure. Throwing open the door, she stepped out.

'Harriet! Cousin Harriet Hunt! But it seems too good to be true that I have you in my arms once more.'

The guest's proud face flushed, then paled. It had been many a day since her coming had wakened such genuine delight as this.

Mrs. Jones drew her cousin across the threshold. The indigo blue calico skirt of the hostess brushed the heavy black camel's hair of her guest, but gentle Mrs. Jones cared little for wealth and social position. It was not until they were within the cheery sitting-room, with its rag carpet, muslin sash curtains and lounge covered with art denim, that she remembered something that made her faint.

It was the group of children who were waiting to share their mother's joy that wrought the change in her mood. There were four girls: Pauline, nineteen, and a teacher; Margie, fifteen; Lucile, thirteen, and Bessie, nine. They were all, save one, fair, with blue eyes. Margie had a piquant, dark face, and hair as black as night. Just behind them, clutching Pauline's dress with one chubby hand, was a beautiful boy of four. He was fair and plump. His well-shaped head was covered with closely-curling locks of a golden tint.

Mrs. Hunt did not notice her cousin's sudden confusion. Instead she went on to tell how she was returning to her city home from a business trip. She was obliged to change trains at Herny, a village three miles from Jones farm. On arriving there, she found that the train she expected to take was gone, and, as the day was Saturday, it would be impossible for her to continue her journey until Monday.

'So I concluded to cast myself upon your hospitality for two nights and a day,' she said in conclusion. 'And these are your girls.'

She turned with easy grace to the group. It had been six years since she had seen the Jones family, so the mother mentioned each name as the sweet-faced girls came forward and were duly kissed by Mrs. Hunt.

'Who is this?' the guest asked, pointing to the little boy.

The mother's consternation seemed to be communicated to the daughters. Mrs. Hunt did not notice; she was intensely studying the face raised so confidingly to hers.

'This is Benny,' Mrs. Jones said.

'And who is Benny? Somehow he looks familiar. It cannot be possible, Katherine, that you have another child—and a boy?'

'Oh no. Benny is ours only in love. He lives with us. Here is John, as glad to see you as I am.'

John Jones was a grave-faced man with kindly eyes. He greeted Katherine's cousin warmly, and, while the elders sat down to chat, the girls hastened out to complete the preparations for supper. A few changes were made. A fine linen cloth was substituted for the coarser one, and the few cherished bits of china and silver were brought out. Even after these changes had been made, it was a very different table from the one at which Harriet Hunt was accustomed to sit. Notwithstanding this, she relished the simple meal of white and brown bread, fresh butter, cold boiled ham, eggs, fruit and cake. Nothing more was said about Benny. Mrs. Hunt saw that he was loved and petted by all. It chanced that she was sitting alone in the sitting-room with him while Mrs. Jones and her daughter finished the night's work.

'Benny's sleepy,' the child said, confidingly leaning upon the arm of her chair.

Swayed by a sudden impulse, she lifted him to her knee.

'That's nice,' and he nestled his head on her shoulder. 'Be you glad to-morrow's Easter?'

Mrs. Hunt started. She had forgotten the fact, but answered evasively:

'Are you glad, Benny?'

'Course. We're going to sing at church "He is Risen," and that means love to everybody.'

A few minutes later the golden head lay heavily on her arm. Benny was asleep. As Harriet Hunt looked down at the pink-and-white face, she was conscious of a strange thrill at her heart. Who was this child? Why did his presence give her a sense of both pain and pleasure?'

'Katherine, whose child is this?' she asked, when her cousin entered the room.

A strange look came into Mrs. Jones's eyes. 'I am not at liberty to tell you that. His mother is a poor widow, and we care for him while she is at work.'

'I wonder at you—with your family—burdening yourself with the care of another child.'

Mrs. Jones made no reply, but took the sleeping boy from her cousin's arms. Mrs. Hunt stooped and kissed the dimpled face.

'Would his mother give him away?' she asked, hesitatingly. 'I am all alone, and a child like that would give me something to live for.'

'No, Benny's mother would not give him away. He is her very heart, her only child. Harriet, you once knew what an only child was to a mother.'

She carried Benny into an adjoining room. Harriet Hunt sat, her hands clasped in her lap, her breath coming hard and fast. As the dim gray shadows of early evening gathered round her, her mind went back to the past. Katherine was right. Once she had known. She had had one child—a daughter. Before the mother's mental vision rose the smiling face of Mabel. How she had loved her. How proud she had been of her grace and beauty. Mrs. Hunt's husband had died soon after the birth of Mabel. His large fortune was left unconditionally to his wife. Everything would, of course, one day be Mabel's. The girl had been surrounded by luxury and had enjoyed the best advantages that money could command. The social position of the Hunts was assured. Mabel should marry well, perhaps a titled foreigner.

That was the mother's plan. Mabel spoiled it by falling in love with a young architect. Mrs. Hunt angrily forbade him the house, but her daughter refused to give him up. A year later, when the girl was assured that her mother would not change, the lovers were quietly married. The mother's anger was awful. From that day she had never looked upon Mabel's face. The young wife's letters had been returned unopened. Five years had passed and Mrs. Hunt did not know whether her daughter was living or dead. The proud woman's face grew hard as she thought of these things. Katherine had blamed her and had written urging her to forgive Mabel and——here her reverie was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Jones and her daughters.

The evening passed pleasantly. Mrs. Hunt heard the plans of the family. Money was evidently scarce, but the girls were ambitious. Pauline hoped to earn enough by teaching to enable her to attend the State Normal. Margie was musical; Lucile was also to be a teacher, and even little Bessie had decided that she would be an artist.

'It is too bad that you are not rich,' Mrs.

Hunt said, reflectively. 'Your girls are bright, and money could do so much for them.'

'Love can do more,' was the mother's quick reply. 'I would gladly give my darlings all that money can buy, but they are willing to earn their educations. We are very happy, Harriet.'

The visitor sighed. She recalled her own stately but desolate home. At the same time she thought of Benny.

'I will,' she said to herself, compressing her thin lips, 'I will have that boy.'

After retiring, the thought still haunted her. She slept fitfully and wakened just as the dawn was dimly lighting her room. A cry had roused her. Springing out of bed, she opened a door into the sitting-room. Benny slept there on a cot, and he was moving restlessly, evidently troubled by a dream. Mrs. Hunt threw a shawl around herself and hastened to his side. She bent over him, gently smoothing his hair and crooning a lullaby that she used to sing, twenty-five years before, to her own baby girl. Gradually the child became quiet.

'I am already learning to love him,' Mrs. Hunt thought. 'My heart is strangely tender. I must help Katherine educate her girls. Ah, there is an Easter bell. It ushers in what used to be, as well to me as to the rest of the world, a time of joy and gladness The thought of Easter brings to me a longing for something better than my life holds. Katherine was right. Love is better than wealth.'

She carefully covered Benny's shoulders, at the same time pressing her lips to his hand. Unconsciously she spoke aloud:

'Yes, I will have him. Benny shall be my own and——'

'No, no. He is mine; all you have left me, mother, and I will never give him up.'

Who had spoken? Who was this slender, pale woman, dressed in black, who stood on the opposite side of the sleeping child? One glance was enough. Notwithstanding the ravages of sorrow, Harriet Hunt knew she stood face to face with her daughter.

'Mabel,' she gasped, 'how did you come here? Whose child is this? Where is your —your husband?'

Mabel Parker was as much puzzled at the strange meeting as was her mother. Yet the years that lay between her present and her care-free girlhood had taught her self-control. She replied in a firm voice:

'My beloved husband is in heaven. I wrote you of his death three years ago, but the letter was returned unopened. So was the one sent a year before and which announced the birth of this boy, our only child. As to how I came here, my husband's long illness swept away our little savings and at his death I was left penniless. Aunt Katherine opened her home to me. When I was able to work she kept my boy while I went to a distant city to try to earn our daily bread.'

Mrs. Hunt shivered, but Mabel went on, her voice growing hard and cold.

'I sewed for a time. At last I secured a place in a store. Yesterday I was granted a week's vacation. I hastened here to spend it with my boy. Reaching Herny an hour ago, I walked out and entered by the kitchen door, which is never locked.'

There was a moment's silence. Outside the windows the east was flushing with tints of warm gray and faint pink. In the leafless orchard near a wild bird, returned early from its southern home, was chirruping joyously.

Mabel went down on her knees by the sleeping child. 'My darling! My treasure! Ah, not a king's ransom could buy him! I am sorry for you, mother. You loved me once. I am a mother now and can understand how desolate your heart must be since you barred love out.'

The light grew brighter in the east. Long rays of rosy splendor began to flame upward and the low-lying, fleecy clouds were dyed with crimson. Once more from the village church the sweet-toned bell chimed out its glad tidings. It was Easter morning.

Mabel had spoken the truth. Harriet Hunt saw that it was her own hand which had barred love out of her life. Stay, had not the risen Lord burst bars and bonds! After these long years of hardness and injustice would the Christ, whose teachings she had ignored, rise in her heart and her empty life thereby be filled with joy? As if in answer to this unspoken question, Benny stirred on his pillow. The bell pierced his semi-unconsciousness and he murmured:

'The bell says "He is risen," and that means love to everybody.'

The waiting woman accepted the child's words. She went forward, her arms outstretched, her face suffused with tears.

'Mabel, my child, forgive me. Oh, my darling, I want you and your boy! I want love, I want the Christ, whose life and death were love, to rise in my heart to-day. Will you not let the past be forgotten, Mabel, and come home?'

For a moment Mabel Parker hesitated. She had much to forgive, but the waking of her child and his glad cry of 'Mamma! My own mamma,' unsealed the fount of mother love in her heart. She pitied her mother. Nay, she loved her. While the rays of the sun streamed in at the window and the Easter bells rang out the joy that has lifted the world from darkness to light, mother and daughter were clasped in a long embrace.

Martha Ann's Spring Cleaning.

An Easter Story.

(By Florence Stratton Weaver, in 'The Presbyterian Banner.')

Martha Ann was thoughtful. Martha Ann was usually thoughtful. There were many things Martha Ann could not understand! Martha Ann was disappointed; Martha Ann was usually disappointed; things rarely went Martha Ann's way. But Martha Ann was not weeping—there was not the trace of a tear to mar the pathetic dirty little face. Martha Ann was a philosopher! This last blow had only been dealt to her a few minutes ago when she rushed in to ask her mother to let her go to Sunday school with Jenny Jones. Her mother was reading a book in their very disordered room which served for home, and met the beseeching request of Martha Ann with indignation.

'What! go to Sunday school on Easter Sunday with not a flower or piece of new ribbon on your hat. Don't say another word about it! Get out of here and don't rush in and startle me any more with such ridiculous questions; you ought to know better.'

Martha Ann instantly left and went out and sat on the stoop of the house, and sucked violently the two glass buttons on the end of a long, dirty string. Here we find our thoughtful, disappointed, philosophic Martha Ann. 'Twas a hard problem for Martha Ann! She sucked and thought and thought and sucked, which process was only varied by an occasional rubbing and shining up of the glass buttons with the end of her dirty apron. She had had a long talk with Jenny Jones about the Sunday school; Jenny had said it was a place with lovely singing and sweet ladies, and that on this Easter Sunday there would be lots of flowers, and they wanted all the dirty, poor children they could hunt up; they wanted them 'pertickler,' that was Jenny's word; and more, Jenny said they told about someone, a man who loved poor little girls, and little girls who had no one to care for them, and he would make every one of them happy.

Now what connection with all this had the going on Easter Sunday without a flower or ribbon on her hat, to Sunday school? Maybe her mother did not know the good news about that church; that must be it, but Martha Ann could not explain it to her; Martha Ann's courage was not sufficient for her to indulge in explanations with her mother.

'Well,' and a big sigh came up from the region of her little worn-out shoes, 'I guess I'll go out to the big street and watch the folks go by and pretend I'm dressed up and going to Sunday school.'

She skipped off, quite enlivened at the idea. Martha Ann could generally find a little spot of pale sunshine to bask in; it was habit with Martha Ann. The broad avenue was bright and sparkling that morning; Martha Ann selected a good site on some steps near by and sat down to enjoy it all. Gay carriages and prancing horses carrying flower-crowned women and girls; men on horseback; fresh nursery maids rolling babies who looked like little flowers peeping from under the silken covers and lace bonnets; and the little boys all dressed so fine, running along in front of their fathers and mothers; and little girls walking along with dresses all short and stiff, that stuck out beautifully, and lovely hats; and sure enough, every hat had plenty of ribbon and flowers on it.

'Here comes a little girl just as big as me; that's just how I would look if I was dressed up.' And Martha Ann rose as the child passed to see if she were not just the same size.

My! don't she look fine; and ain't she pretty!' A man suddenly came around the corner, carrying a large bunch of lilies. Martha Ann looked up, and the attention of the man was arrested by such a cry that he stood transfixed to the spot.

'O Mister! dear Mister, please give me one!' It was out before Martha Ann thought.

'Why, certainly, little one,' and his voice bespoke relief that it was only a lily that she wanted, for the cry had startled him; it sounded almost like the cry of someone starving. He picked out the largest and whitest, and placed it in the dirty little outstretched hands.

'Oh, thank you, Mister, thank you!' He smiled and patted her on the head and passed on in the crowd. There were tears in Martha Ann's eyes now, and they were trickling down her face; she was not schooled in receiving, and it took her unawares. She held the lily tightly with both hands.

'Suppose someone should snatch it?' She almost decided to cover it with her apron. She hastened home with her precious burden, filled with apprehension. It was not until she had safely reached the door of her home that her fears were allayed and the sunshine beamed from her dirty little face.

'O Mamma, see what I've got! A gentleman gave it to me—all my own! Oh, isn't it beautiful?' Martha Ann gasped for breath, she was so excited. Martha Ann's mother was just at the end of her chapter, so took the interruption very kindly.

'Yes, it's lovely, Martha Ann; you had

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

Spring Violets.

(By Keziah Shelton, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Carrie Johnson was a delicate young girl whose physician had ordered her out of school for a year at least, and had added that 'she must live with Nature as much as possible.' This was a severe blow to her ambition, for it meant to her the relinquishment of her desire to keep along with her classmates; it was a trial, as for three years she had held first rank and had proudly nursed the expectation of graduating with honors, and later entering Wellesley!

Yet, after the first sharp pangs of the great disappointment had been bravely borne, she resolutely set herself to make the best of it, and entered cheerfully into the year's struggle needed to regain the old-time rosy cheeks and healthy appetite.

Fortunately she loved the woods, the hills and the meadows, and each day she came home with her hands full of treasures, and with some new thought in her mind; or some information gained as to habit or habitat of tree, flower or bird. She found that there were other things to learn besides those between book covers; that even the geography of her own neighborhood itself, was no mean knowledge.

It was in May or early June that she conceived the idea of having a garden of wild flowers another season at her own door. After this, she went daily into both wood and meadow armed with a small basket and trowel, to uproot treasures and bring them home for transplantation.

Ferns, anemones, Solomon's-seal, Jack-in-the-pulpit, each came in for a place in her experimental garden, and all throve thriftily, and promised another spring to be up and doing as early as their old companions in the wood.

As she plucked the blooms of early violets, she marked the mounds where the earliest and prettiest grew, by tying a white string to some twig near by, that she might have less difficulty in finding the spots when they were out of bloom. It was a surprise to her to discover that in her father's own meadows there were seven decided shades of blue violets, ranging from a most peculiar tint of light grayish blue to the deepest purplish hue.

Already the germ of an Easter idea was growing in her mind. Last year her pastor when pleading with the young people to plan early for their Easter offering, had earnestly tried to impress it upon them that there was more good resulted to the giver from a trifle that was the result of individual effort or self-denial, than from a larger gift, if all they had done personally was to ask father or mother for some money.

Carrie had then and there resolved to earn her next Easter offering, though until she was under the doctor's strict orders, she had failed to see how she was to keep her resolution.

Her first thought had been of a window garden and selling her flowers through the winter and at Easter, but she had no money to invest in hot-house plants, and saw no way to earn any.

But as she wandered in the woods and saw the wealth and variety of violets, far more beautiful in their large petaled ringleness than the closely knotted double blooms of the hot-house, those wonderful results of cross fertilization and high art in cultivation, the idea was born of setting some in cold frames on the south side of the stable, where the early spring sunlight would be concentrated and where the snow ever melted earliest. Her father was an indulgent man, so willingly had the desired squares spaded out deeply, and the rough board sides fitted in, with a cover for each made from a half of one of the small paned windows that were taken from the old house when it was remodelled. Half a window was not a heavy weight, and could easily be removed each morning and replaced when the sun grew hot, or if a sudden squall came up during the day.

These boarded squares were filled with rich earth topped with a six inch layer of mulch from the woods, and in June, after the wild violets had ceased budding, Carrie day by day dug deeply around the various clumps and lifted them up so as not to cut off the ends of the roots; many of these selected plants were a mass of 'top growth,' two hands or more broad. After reaching home Carrie would gently pull the roots apart, not injuring a single one, and out of a group that had made one mound, she would have several to reset in the frames about six inches apart. It is always best to subdivide violet roots each year after their blooming season is past. When the violets were all set, she arranged simple awnings over each frame, by means of sticks 6 inches long nailed at each corner of the frames, and old bagging tacked to these sticks, thus keeping the sun's extreme heat from them, but leaving free access of air on all four sides; these awnings this first summer were kept on till September, except on cloudy or rainy days. The second summer transplanted wood violets are so well rooted that they need no such protection, except from the 'baking sun' in July and August. As violets bloom before the trees 'leaf-out,' it saves trouble if one's cold frames are where they will have the leafy shade of trees or shrubs later in the season, when they have no need of sunlight, only of a moist shadow where they can recuperate the energy lost in flowering.

When in February the snow melted off the glass covers, Carrie's heart was gladdened by the sight of the dozens of tufts of green leaves, 'tufts as large over as my fist,' she proudly reported to her mother.

Her health was now so far restored that she could face the long cold walks needed to continue her improvement, and she found it no hardship to go to her cold frames daily, and prop the covers of each bed with a bit of wood or stone, so that the fresh air could gently circulate among the plants, or to hurry out, well mittened and coated, and drop the covers and lay the sacking over the glass, weighting the corners with bricks, if a sudden snow flurry arrived.

There were days even in March, after the most precocious plants had budded, that the snow covered the beds thickly, but it also kept the plants warm, as it nestled down like an eider coverlid, and closed down and tucked itself in, and kept the bleak winter outside!

Before Easter Carrie had sold to her friends several dozen violet blooms, so that her fund was in a prosperous condition, and her hundreds of buds, swelling ready to burst in April, were all engaged. 'Ten, fifteen and twenty-five cents a bunch, according to number;' and daily the tiniest hint of a new bud was counted on the list, and the sum total re-added.

The frames yielded eight dollars and seventy-five cents the first season, which was of course the experimental year! Four dollars went into an envelope, marked 'Easter Offering,' and was laid on the 'plate' on Sunday.

Easter Monday Carrie went shopping and bought for poor invalid Maggy Ryan an outing-flannel wrapper; for crippled Kate Simpson a half dozen balls of colored crochet cottons and a hook to work with; for her own mother a pair of black kid gloves, and some Sunday handkerchiefs for her father. As the Johnsons were not overly rich, the daughter's thoughtfulness was appreciated, but Carrie turned their thanks off lightly. 'If you had not each helped me, by not objecting, I could never have succeeded; so really part of the money sort of belongs to you.'

Meanwhile Carrie had been studying the future needs of her violet garden, and had learned that it would be to her advantage to permit her violets to bloom as long as they chose to do so; as violets are ever in demand at good prices, there was still money in view for Carrie, after Easter was a day of the past.

Carrie may never be able to apply herself to books again, but she may be none the less broadly intelligent than many who do. And to earn one's own living as a practical horticulturist is as desirable as to elbow one's way into the overcrowded ranks of teachers and stenographers! And he who walks with Nature is close to God.

A Laughing Chorus.

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, 'Ho, there! ho!'
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro.
And "Are you ready?' the Snow-drop asked,
'Tis time to start, you know.'
'Almost, my dear,' the Scilla replied;
'I'll follow as soon as you go.'
Then 'Ha! ha! ha!' a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

'I'll promise my blossoms,' the Crocus said,
'When I hear the bluebird sing.'
And straight thereafter, Narcissus cried,
'My silver and gold I'll bring.'
'And ere they are dulled,' another spoke,
'The Hyacinth bells shall ring.'
And the violet only murmured, 'I'm here,'
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then 'Ha! ha! ha!' a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down.
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
Still shadowed by winter's frown;
And well may we cheerily laugh, 'Ha! ha!'
In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

The Kind of Kind Things Said

The Beaverton 'Express' says editorially: At this time when so many are renewing their subscriptions to the local and city newspapers we are frequently met with the request to recommend a reliable and

clean newspaper. We never hesitate in the case of the Montreal 'Witness,' of which the editor of the 'Express' has been an interested reader for many years. The 'Witness' we have ever found thoroughly reliable and well informed and above all, one which has some regard for the moral interests of its readers. Seldom are newspapers found to carry this principle into their business offices, but in the case of the 'Witness' this is really true. The daily 'Witness' at $3 a year or the weekly at $1, are the best value we know of in the realm of newspaperdom. Then there is their publication, the 'Northern Messenger,' a bright religious weekly at 30 cents, and lastly the latest venture in Canadian journalism, 'World Wide,' a publication we would not be without for many times its price, which, by the way, is only $1 a year. This excellent eclectic supplies a reprint of the best articles which appear in the great journals of the world, besides much other excellent matter all for the above trifling sum. We are not surprised that its circulation is growing at the rate of a thousand a month. Clean journalism is a great desideratum at any time, but in Canada just now, when we are being flooded with filthy rubbish from the neighboring Republic which is too often imitated by our Canadan press, it is gratifying to know that at least one publishing firm finds a field for a higher standard of journalism.

My Risen Lord.

('Everybody's Magazine.')

'When Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene.'—Mark xvi.: 9.

When gropes my soul in mystery
  To which I vainly seek the key,
I hear One saying, 'Follow Me;
  I am the Way, the Door,'
My faith looks up; and Him I see
  For me the cross who bore.

And when in sorrow's desert lands
  My soul sinks fainting on the sands,
I hear One say, 'Behold My hands
  Nailed to the cross for thee.'
I look, and, lo! my Saviour stands
  And lifts the cross for me.

And when my footsteps almost slide
  Astray upon the hills of pride,
I hear One say, 'In Me abide;
  No harm shall come to thee.'
Drawn by His love, I seek His side—
  His side once pierced for me.

When 'neath some load of care I bend
  And faded hopes no comfort lend,
'Lo, I am with you to the end,'
  I hear One say to me.
I lift mine eyes; the sinner's Friend,
  My risen Lord, I see.

He lives! The clouds all disappear.
  He lives! My soul is full of cheer;
And when life's closing hour draws near,
  Blest will the summons be,
If through the valley still I hear
  Him calling, 'Follow Me.'

How to Remember Easter's Date.

(By Fannie E. Newberry, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Now, how can we know when Easter comes?
  I will tell you very soon;
Just watch for the twenty-first of March,
  And then for the full round moon.
Upon the first Sunday after this
  While the moon sails high, full-orbed,
The morning of Easter yearly dawns,
  And heralds our risen Lord.

But should it so chance the full moon falls
  On a Sunday, then we wait
'Till the week rolls 'round and brings the next—
  Our Easter delayed and late.

Easter Puzzle.

(By Mrs. C. McLellan.)

One word from the answer to each of the following questions will give a great Easter truth. The answers to be given in words of Scripture with chapter and verse.

MRS. C. McLELLAN.

1. What was the prayer of Agur?
2. To whom does Solomon compare a 'faithful messenger?'
3. Where should we lay up treasures?
4. Where are coats first mentioned in the Bible?
5. What did Isaac's servant tell his master on his return from Nahor?
6. What did Jonah say when the gourd withered?
7. In what did Job desire to be weighed?
8. How does St. Paul exhort us to run?
9. What was the effect upon Peter when he found the sepulchre empty?
10. What was Peter's answer to the question, 'Whom do men say that I . . am?'
11. Who shall be called least in the Kingdom of heaven?
12. What was the testimony of the woman of Samaria after her interview with our Lord?
13. What did Nicodemus ask after being told of the new birth?
14. What did God do on the seventh day?
15. What was the fate of Korah and his company?

(The answer will be given next week.)

Correspondence

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy of 14. I go to Sunday school and I get the 'Messenger.' I think it is a very good paper. I saw so many letters in your paper I thought I would like mine put in I have a brother and sister and I go to work. It takes me ten minutes to go to Sunday school.

ERNEST H. L.

Nile, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My mother has taken the 'Messenger' for a good many years, and we like it very well. I am in the fifth reader, my studies are arithmetic, English history, algebra, euclid, literature, and geography. My favorite studies are history, geography and literature. I live two miles and a quarter from school, but we are going to build a new schoool at the village. We live on a farm, but we have it rented, so we just keep one horse and one cow. I have two sisters. We have two cats for pets. I am thirteen years old. CECIL E.

Dalmeny, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My sister takes the 'Messenger' and is well pleased with it. I like to read the correspondence best. Some little girls and boys like dogs and cats for pets, but I don't. I have a horse named Sis and a cow. We have six horses, twenty-two head of cattle, seven sheep and a lot of pigs and hens and geese. I go to school and I am in the Part Second book. I like to go to school. I go to Sunday school in summer. I have three sisters and one brother, but he is in the high school. My birthday is on April 13. J. B. (aged 7).

Harriston.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like reading it. As I do not see any letters from any little girl near here, I thought I would write one, as I like reading the letters from other little girls. Gladys W. wondered if any little girl's birthday was on the same day as hers, Aug. 2. Mine is on that day. I was eight years old on my last birthday. I go to school and I am in the senior school book. I have not been to school all week, it has been stormy. My teacher's name is Miss Lavin. We had a social in our church. I gave a recitation. I have three brothers and no sisters.

ANNIE B.

Alburg, Vt.

Dear Editor,—As I saw in the 'Northern Messenger' if I would write a letter for this paper and send twelve boys and girls' names the paper would be sent to them free for five weeks, I thought I would do so. I have not been to school much this winter, as the measles have been raging in town. We live six miles from church and two miles from school. We have a little dog and his name is Carlo. He broke his leg a while ago, but it is all right now. We own a sugar bush and make a lot of nice sugar. I have great fun gathering sap. I am going to try to get subscribers for this paper soon.

LOUISA D. L.

Gibson, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would take the advantage of your offer and send a dozen of my friends' names. I would not have seen the 'Messenger' I do not think if it were not for my aunt that sent it to me. I live near the point of the Nashwaak river, where there was a battle fought between the English and the French, and a few miles above the settlement of Maugerville. The Nashwaak river is a tributary of the St. John river. I go to school and study the subjects of Grade VI. I enjoy reading the 'correspondence' very much. I belong to the St. Nicholas League of New York, and I have the pin. I am eleven years old.

WILLIE J.

South Victoria, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' I saw my first one in print. I can't boast of pets as others do. We have only one cat. I am going to tell you a little about this place. It is a country place, about three miles long, and a lake too, two miles long. Nearly everybody has good fun in the summer bathing, wading, getting shells, etc., and in winter they skate, slide and sometimes build fires after night and skate. I got a pair of skates as a Christmas present and I learned how to skate. I have got a number of books, such as 'Christie's Christmas,' 'Tip Lewis and his Camp,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Wide, Wide World,' 'The Hidden Path,' 'Without a Home,' 'Mark Hale,' and others. I would like Jennie H., of Michigan to write to me if she would please write first. Address: Jennie Ross, South Victoria, Cumberland Co., N.S.

West New Annan, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I take the 'Messenger,' and think it a very nice little paper. I go to school nearly every day, have about two miles to walk. I am in grade seven. Our teacher's name is Miss Nelson, and we all think a lot of her, she is so kind to us. My papa teaches singing school, has about twenty-five scholars. I went quite often, we enjoy learning the notes and trying to sing very much. I have no pets, but I have two dolls. I call them Amy and Dot. The little girls around here have started a sewing circle, of which I am a member. My elder sister is president. We are making quilts to send to the Trinidad Mission School, have one almost finished. We call it the 'Pioneer,' as it is the first little girls' sewing circle in this place. I should like to know if there ever has been a machine invented for washing dishes, as it is my chief work in the house to help mama.

M. J. B.

South Victoria, N.S.

Dear Editor.—I have a pet cow, she is red. Her name is Lillie. I can skate. I skated to church. There is a lake here with woods on one side and a few trees on the other side of it. It is about two miles long and about half a mile wide. I have two sisters and one brother. One sister is older than myself. I am in grade seven; I study reader, health-reader, history and geography. My teacher is from Debert Station. I would like Annie E. C. to correspond with me. She lives in Williamstown, Ontario. I would like her to please write first. This

is my address: Annie J. Ross, South Victoria, Cumberland Co., N.S.

Gilmour, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in North Hastings, it is a lonely place to live in in winter, but in the summer it is more pleasant because then we can get out around the fields and gather flowers and berries, and help on the farm. We keep two horses and we have twenty-eight cattle. I have a pair of twin brothers; their names are George and Frank. I go to school. I also go to Sunday school in the summer, our superintendent is an Englishman, so are nearly all the people around here. My father was born in England. We have a razor hone here that my great-great-grandfather owned in England. It is made from a piece of wood that was placed in a petrifying well in that country. I am writing to earn the prize that was promised in your paper. I hope my letter will be interesting enough to win it. I am eleven years old.

H. CLARENCE P.

Doon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have been getting the 'Messenger' for a number of years. I took an interest in the stories about 'The lost bag of silver,' 'The fund,' and the 'Little nuisance.' I have one brother and two sisters younger than myself. I read quite a few books. Just now I am reading one about the missionary 'John G. Paton,' a book that my brother got at the Mennonite Sunday school at Strasburg, and am very much interested. He only missed one mark all last year. We get one mark for coming to Sunday-school, and two if we know the golden text. I missed two Sundays and got fifth prize. My one sister got a prize also, but the other is a baby and cannot read. As for pets, I am not fond of dogs and cats, but I have a baby sister. I was very much pleased with the Bible that you sent me. As I noticed your reward in last week's paper, and as there are quite a number of friends that do not take the 'Messenger,' I thought I would send their names.

E. W. (aged 13).

East Mines Sta.

Dear Editor,—I am sending a few names of my friends to whom I wish you to send the 'Messenger' for a few weeks. My sister has been taking it for quite a while, but this year I got two new subscribers and got it free. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall passed our place in the train, but I did not see either of them or the train, as it was at night when they passed. My father went to Halifax when they were there, and he saw them. He also saw King Edward when he was Prince of Wales. He had come to Canada and was in Truro. I have not been going to school for a while, but I started to-day. I am in the eighth grade, and study history of Canada, brief history, health-reader, reading, grammar, geography, arithmetic, algebra, writing and drawing. Though I have a lot of studies I have read quite a lot of books. I have read some of Charles Sheldon's, and some of David Cook's books. My grandfather's grandfather is said to have been the first ordained Presbyterian minister in Canada.

CLARA S. (aged 12).

North Bedeque, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I will try and tell you of a holiday my mama gave my sister, a friend and myself. The morning dawned clear, and we were up bright and early. We started as soon as possible to the shore one mile away. I got a lunch ready, and when we had said 'good-bye' we started. When we got there we put our lunch away in a good safe place and commenced our frolic. We walked along the bank till we came to the spring, where a number of farmers water their cattle. We refreshed ourselves by taking a good drink. We then turned round the other way and began making preparations for building a fire on which to roast clams. As we had taken no implement with which to dig the clams, we had a hard time to get the few we did. It was coming on time for our lunch, so we went to where we had hid it, and sat down and had a good time. Papa owns a small island a short distance from the shore. We started and got nearly to the end when there were so many wasps and insects that we had to turn about and get ready for home but as the tide was coming in we stayed and had a bathe. The day ended and we all said, 'we spent a happier day than we expected.'

JENNIE L.

Mitchell Square.

Dear Editor,—There is nothing but beautiful snow around here; we have had more snow-storms this winter than we have had for a long time. I was walking on snowshoes rather much one day and the next day I had a sore throat. There is a creek near our place and in the summer time my brother and I have good fun fishing. I am very fond of reading and have read so many books that I hardly know which one I like best. Some I have read are: 'Ten nights in a Bar-room,' 'In His Steps,' 'The Life of Richard Weaver,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'From Jest to Earnest,' 'Moody and Sanky' I am reading now. I belong to the Maple Leaf Club. I have two grandpas, two grandmas, 6 uncles, 8 aunts and 38 cousins. I do not go to school, as many of the girls of my age do. I stay at home and help mother with the housework and pa in the store. I am 14 years of age, and am 5 feet 2 inches, and weigh 135 pounds

SNOW-SHOES.

Bolton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write you a letter and send you a list of a dozen boys and girls to whom I wish you to send the 'Northern Messenger' for five weeks as you offered to do. I am nine years old. A lot of our people have been readers of your papers. My great grandfathers, who settled in Caledon, one of them, over seventy years ago, and the other sixty years ago, both took it about its first start. My two grandfathers took it, and my father has taken it ever since he was married and years before. We take the 'Messenger,' and mamma used to read it by its old name when there was a beautiful little picture on the top of the front page. My great grandfather, Thomas Russell, will be one hundred years old in May if he lives. We try to go to see him as often as we can. My father came from Scotland with his father, mother, brother and sisters when he was three and a half years old, and lived in Whitby. He has been to the Canadian North-West twice and we may go to a new part of Canada some time. Russell, my brother, and I would like the fun. I have two brothers and two sisters alive and one little brother dead. We have two little calves; father feeds them with the milk from the separator and with oats and hay. Russell and I are in the third book.

H. BERTRAM W.

Pittston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Thinking perhaps not many of your readers have visited Cardinal, I am going to describe to you the canal-works there. I was at Cardinal this summer, and saw the great canal-works, which have been carried on there for the past four years, and are now nearing completion. This canal which has been built to overcome the Galops rapids, west of Cardinal, and the swift current around Pt. Iroquois, is a great improvement on the former one, as it is much wider and deeper, thus affording better facilities to commerce. I was very much interested in watching the small trains of cars laden with earth which had been excavated in making the canal, also the huge piles of stone used in the construction, and the derricks lowering these stones to the bottom of the canal, where they were used in building its walls, were not beyond my notice either. Surrounding the cars were hundreds of Italians, who had been employed by the contractors to do this great work. The village of Cardinal has been cut off from the mainland by this canal, and so had to be joined by a very large bridge. Another bridge similar to this one connects Pt. Iroquois to the town. The population of these two places has been greatly increased by the building of this canal, due to so much help being needed, that many rush there seeking employment.

LAURA M. (aged 13).

Johnville, Que.

Dear Editor,—I was nine years old on November 23. I have had the 'Messenger' since I was five years. We live on a farm, but papa and my eldest brother have a sawmill and a mill where they make clapboards. We keep between fifty and sixty head of cattle and eight horses. It has been my work this winter to see after the hens. I have two brothers; their names are Grover and William. Grover is a little fellow, he was three years old last November. William is married, and has two little girls, my little nieces, Mabeth and Gladys. I had a little sister, Alma, but she is dead. I have three cousins in Lyndonville, Vt., six in Minnesota, and fourteen in Canada. Our nearest neighbor is Mr. Church, and there are three children living there, William, Marion and Ella. We all take music lessons together, and belong to a little Band of Hope and Mercy. Nearly all my uncles, aunts and cousins were at a place called Randboro, where we went to grandma's Christmas day, and had a jolly time. Both my grandpas and one grandma are dead. I went to see the Duke and Duchess in Sherbrooke last fall, and thought they were splendid. This is a very small village on the C. P. R. There are two churches, Episcopal and Methodist. We go to the Methodist. We had a nice children's meeting last Sunday when a lady from Ottawa talked and sang to us. She is a W. C. T. U. woman, she and her husband are helping the minister to hold meetings. My aunt and uncle are spending the winter in California, they go to Old Orchard in summer and have asked me to go, too, some time. I hope I may. I have a good many books, some of them are: Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Charming Bible Stories,' 'Life of Queen Victoria,' General Gordon,' Alice in Wonderland,' Boys and Girls all over the World,' 'Beautiful Stories about Children,' by Dickens and others. I like real stories best. Nearly all the boys and girls who write mention their pets. Grover's and mine are a big, shaggy dog named Hector and a glossy, black cat that we call Roberts, because he is such a fine fellow. I send a list of little friends' names.

ALICE SARA LOUISE.

Edmonton.

Dear Editor.—We moved from Ontario up here last March. My papa brought a carload of settler's effects. In the coach we were in there were twenty children, and sometimes we made things pretty lively. We all enjoyed the trip very much, as there was lots to see out of the windows. I have four brothers and two sisters, and I am the oldest. There is a Scotchman living on the bar near our place. Last summer he showed us how to make a net to catch fish with, as there are fine fish in the river and they are always fresh. He used to give us rides in his boat, which we enjoyed very much. We live on the north bank of the Saskatchewan river, seven miles north-east of Edmonton, and have three hundred and twenty acres of land. There are three gold dredges on the river at Edmonton, and the banks of the river are full of coal. The banks are very high and steep in most places. We have two miles to go to school. We have a lady teacher, who has from forty to forty-five children to teach. We have Sunday school and church in our school every Sunday. There is a big hill near our house and we have fine times coasting on it. On Christmas day father took us for a sleigh ride on the river, up past the coal mines and home again. Some of the mines are burning, and one can see the smoke coming out of them through the ground. We have a pony, which we call Billy and sometimes we take him to school. A neighbor's boy across the river shot two pelicans last summer. He sold them for five dollars and they were to be stuffed. There is a lot of teaming to be done on the river in the winter time, one will see from five to seven teams in a string. Mama says she used to get the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl going to Sunday school. We have not had a storm this winter, and I never saw such fine weather.

Neil H. G. (aged 13).

(This is a very interesting letter.—Editor.)

NOTE.

We regret that we cannot print H. F.'s note, as it contains matter which is in the nature of an advertisement. Such an announcement would have to be paid for at special advertising rates, which could be ascertained from the business manager of the 'Northern Messenger.' We thank H. F. for her kind remarks about our paper.—Editor.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Home-Maker.

During the summer I visited a young friend who has been a housewife only a year and a half. I had some curiosity about Nora's housekeeping, for she had had little training in the art, and the wiseacres said on hearing of her marriage that she was not cut out for a poor man's wife.

John was a poor man, and Nora did not keep a maid; but her management of her six-room suburban cottage was a marvel to me. It showed how largely love and sagacity can supply deficiencies.

I will not tell you of her household furnishings, where time and taste did what money so often fails to accomplish; but I wish to mention a few of her plans that may be of use to other young housekeepers.

When she wished to entertain her friends, as she did several times while I was there, she did not get an elaborately cooked meal that would keep her in the kitchen during her guests' stay. Instead, she gave a luntheon, with everything cold. The dishes were prepared in the morning, and set away in the refrigerator. When the guests arrived, Nora, in her cool dimity, was ready to sit in the parlor with them.

She would serve a menu after this style: Sandwiches with chopped meat, olives or radishes, cottage cheese in balls, pressed veal or chicken, devilled eggs, potato salad, a gelatine or custard, cold pudding, angel cake, and ice cream. On a hot day, this was far more tempting than the usual cooked dinner or luncheon.

Nora always packed her dinner-dishes on the kitchen table, and washed them the next morning with the breakfast things. 'I can't afford to spend my evenings washing dishes,' she said; 'I want that time to read, or talk with John.'

Nora had a baby four months old. It was one of these healthy, well-trained infants, that sleep all night, are fed at regular intervals, and coo contentedly to themselves in their waking hours. The part of its training that impressed me most was its daily romp. This may seem a curious word in connection with so tiny a baby, but rere are the facts:

At about seven o'clock, Nora undressed the baby in a warm room and laid her on a folded comforter on the couch. Then she rubbed her thoroughly, while baby stretched and kicked in high glee.

Then came the gymnastics. Baby would clasp her little fingers tightly about a small cane, and be lifted in the air. Nora would press her hand against the soles of her feet, and baby would push and exert the utmost strength of her fat little legs. When laid on her stomach on a cushion, baby would roll off and over on her back; thereby calling in play all the muscles of her body.

She was allowed to exercise about half an hour; then she had a quick dip in a warm bath, was dressed in nightgown, given her evening meal, and nothing more was heard of her until five o'clock the next morning. She spent nearly the entire day out of doors, even on cool days; taking her naps in a hammock.

Her rapid growth and strength were remarkable. At four and a half months, she moved about by rolling to the object she wished to reach. At five months she sat alone.

Nora resolutely put the mere details of house-work second, and home-making first. Her house was always clean, because cleanliness was a part of her dainty nature. She kept up her reading and music, so that she could be a companion to John. She always had time for a walk or an afternoon in the woods; but pottering, such as many housewives do, and so-called fancy-work, were resolutely ruled out.—'Everywhere.'

Husbands and Wives.

(Kate Davidson, in 'The Christian.')

A striking instance of long-delayed answer to prayer occurred not many years ago at Chicago. Two Christian ladies agreed to pray daily for the conversion of their unbelieving husbands. For three years they continued to pray earnestly, but with no apparent result.

At length one lady said to her friend: 'It's useless praying any longer for John's conversion; he seems every day to grow more hardened to all religious impressions. I have resolved to stop, for I fear his conscience is quite seared.'

'Well!' replied her friend, 'I can't stop praying for my husband while I have breath. So, if he goes down to the pit, he'll go weighed down with his wife's believing prayers.'

'Why! if you go on praying, I may continue too; you have inspired me with new faith and hope,' cried the poor desponding lady.

The two continued in prayer for their respective husbands for four years longer, yet still without any apparent result. Time passed, and after seven years of crying and waiting, Mrs. B. awoke one night, and saw, to her surprise, her husband sitting at a little table, reading the Bible by the light of a candle. She called to him, and he told her he was in sore distress about his sins; he begged her to help him to find peace. She joyfully rose, and having joined him at the table, told how long anxiously she had prayed and watched for his conversion. At last she saw that God was answering her prayers. They knelt down together, while she uttered a few broken words, imploring the Lord to save her dear husband, and make him decide at once for Christ. When she could not continue for tears, her husband began to pray earnestly for himself; and while he was thus praying, the mighty change was wrought in his soul by the Holy Spirit, so that his prayer ended in a burst of joy and thanksgiving.

Next morning the happy wife set out to convey the glad tidings to her friend, who lived at some distance. To her surprise she met the other, who was on her way to visit her, with a face radiant with joy. Before Mrs. B. had time to tell her tale, Mrs. A. began eagerly to relate the story of the sudden conversion of her own husband during the previous night.

'Why! that's just what brought me to see you,' cried Mrs. B. 'My husband also was converted last night, and I couldn't rest till I had told you the wonderful news.'

On comparing notes, it was found that the prayers of both wives had been answered simultaneously, and in circumstances almost identical.

Christian mothers, wives, sisters, keep on praying for your dear one. God is faithful, who hath said: 'Ask, and it shall be given.'

Scrap Baskets.

Scrap baskets, are a necessity in every room, but if the chambermaid carries them off to empty and forgets to return them, they may be the cause of great annoyance. To obviate this have the maid carry to each room a large bag made of selesia, the hem at the top being run on to a metal or wooden hoop. Into this bag each basket is emptied every morning, and as it never leaves the room, it is, of course, not lacking at the critical moment. Nor is it found full to overflowing just when a bundle of papers needs a home. The bag is emptied also after it has made its rounds, and is hung up with the brooms and brushes.

Sweet Oil.

A bottle of sweet oil is the housewife's friend. Few know of the many uses to which it may be put. It will clean bronzes; after carefully rubbing them with oil, they should be polished with chamois skin. In laying knives away, apply a little sweet oil very lightly and wrap them in tissue paper; this will prevent their rusting. Sweet oil will clean metals; rub the metal well with a flannel cloth and wash off in warm soap suds. A bottle containing two parts of oil to one of lime water will be found excellent for sunburn.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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Advertisements.

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'To my mind, and judging from my own experience, no product of the cereal (wheat) can be compared to 'Shredded Wheat.' In a word, I bear willing testimony to its excellence as nutritive, both for those of delicate digestion and those in robust health, and I feel sure a fair trial would convince the most skeptical of its value.

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USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

better stand it in some water to keep it fresh.' Martha Ann put it into the white pitcher withe the broken mouth, but after sitting at the table and gazing at the lily for fully ten minutes, she discovered that the pitcher was very dirty; then she washed the glass celery stand and it suited the lily much better. She drew her chair closer to the table and feasted her eyes on her beautiful white treasure; occasionally she would kneel on the chair so that she might look way down into its white depths. Suddenly she looked at her hands; she felt uncomfortable, they looked so dirty. She ran to the sink in the corner and quickly washed her hands and face. But when she settled herself once more at the table, she still felt uneasy; her hands were not really clean and her dress and apron looked awful. She cast a glance down at her feet; then jumped up again. From the top of her head to her toes she was dirty and unfit to sit so close to that lily. Then there was a grand struggle. Some hot water came off the stove this time and soap was found. There was much searching and opening of drawers. In about half-an-hour a clean little figure approached the table. There was a look of triumph on the small, thin face. She showed the marks of the late battle—her cheeks were almost rosy and her hair stood straight out; there was not a tangle in it. The quiet figure from behind the book now rose and went to the closet.

'Martha Ann, here is a clean tablecloth to put on the table; it'll make it look nicer.'

Oh, thank you, Mamma! Won't that look fine!'

'Lift your lily; I'll put it on; there, now! Sit down and enjoy your flower.' But the figure kept moving around the room with much activity. Finally, after the broom and stove polish had been on the scene, another toilet was begun. This occasioned as much effort as that of Martha Ann—it was evidently out of the ordinary.

'O Mamma, how lovely you look! And don't our room look just nice and clean? Come and look at my lily too, Mamma.'

'Not now. What would you like for your Easter dinner, little girl?'

Martha Ann was perfectly staggered at this term of endearment, and forgot that she was hungry or that she had ever wished for anything especially.

'I dunno, Mamma—anything you got.'

'I am sorry we did not think of Easter Sunday last night when the stores were open; aren't you, Martha Ann?'

'Yes, I didn't know nothing about it.'

'Well, as soon as the fire comes up I'll see what I can do with what we've got.' There was soon a savory odor in the room which mixed with the dainty perfume of the lily and made Martha Ann's joy more complete.

'O Mamma, there comes father.' There was a frightened note in her voice. The mother sank into the nearest chair. Martha Ann seized her lily. Both looked apprehensive.

Jack Mason opened the door. A sigh of relief from both. He was not drunk! But this meant that it would only be harshness and scolding for them to meet. He looked around, startled at the clean room, the neat wife, the child with the lily. He did not know what it was that impressed him, but he quickly took off his hat. His wife arose and went to the stove to look at something. Martha Ann, with a child's quick instinct of peace-making, screwed up her courage and walked with the lily over to where he stood.

'Look, father. Isn't this beautiful? A gentleman gave it to me. Isn't it sweet and white and clean?' Her voice was weak—it was a daring venture; she could never have done it if it had not been for wanting him to enjoy her lily.

'Why, it's a beauty, Martha Ann; who gave it to you. Tell me about it.' And he sat down and lifted her on his knee. Then she repeated her short story and made him smell the lily several times. He gazed first at her and then at the lily; then at the clean, sweet room, and once turned his head around and took a look at the trim, neat figure over the stove. He put the child down and rose.

'Mary, have I a clean shirt—and could you allow me a little of that hot water? You all look so fine—and flowers on the table, too, I'd feel more comfortable if I cleaned up a little. You won't mind waiting dinner for me, Mary?'

'No, indeed!' And the voice was fresh and had hope in it. 'I'll get your things.'

They all felt a little awkward at dinner, everything was so clean and they all had such an amount of good manners on hand. Even Martha Ann felt that it would sound nice to say, 'Yes, thank you,' when asked to have a piece of the nice warm cake, but her appetite mastered her before she could get hold of her manners and she just held her plate out.

After dinner, when all the things were washed up, Jack said, 'Come on, Mary, you and Martha Ann put on your hats and let's go for a stroll; it's a nice day and a shame to stay indoors, and we might drop in some church and hear some good music.'

Martha Ann held her breath; didn't he know that her hat had no flowers or ribbon on it and that she could not go to church on Easter Sunday with it on? But her mother seemed to have forgotten about it, for she said 'Certainly,' so quickly, and she hastily brushed Martha Ann's hair and put on the despised old brown hat. Martha Ann looked intently at her with her big blue eyes, but her mother said nothing and Martha Ann was the last to remind her. She was glad to run the risk with her old hat, and if there was any discussion at the door she could take her hat off—she was not used to hats, and the weather was real warm. Martha Ann forgot to notice all the prettily-dressed little girls and to imagine that she was one of them. She was happy enough just as she was, brown hat and all. She skipped along by her mother and father; she heard them talking in soft, gentle tones, and looked up into their faces with large, questioning eyes, but she could not take time to study about it all and think about it; there was so much to see and she was so happy!

'Here, Mary; this is where the paper said there would be fine music at five o'clock, and we are just in time; shall we go in?'

'Oh, yes, I would love to. Come on, Martha Ann, and hear the music.'

But Martha Ann remembered her hat and her heart seemed in her mouth. Already the sweet strains of the organ were floating out on the evening air. She seized her hat and hid it under her arm and walked with a beating heart into the crowded church.

'Is your hat too hot, dearie?' said her mother as she lifted her upon the seat. 'You can keep it off then, as it is warm in here.' Soon the music entirely engulfed Martha Ann; it bore her high and aloft, and gently, tenderly, deposited her in dreamland. It did not deal so with the other two figures in the pew. It awoke them as they had never before been awakened; it bore them back into the scenes of long ago; it argued with them; scolded them; pleaded with them; knocked hard at their hearts; rushed in and soon possessed their whole being. Softly and sweetly it stole away and all was silent, they hearing nothing but the beating of their own hearts. Then followed a sermon, strong, stirring, life-giving Easter words. There were two hearts there soft, tender, prepared, ready.

* * *

'Eat your breakfast, Martha Ann; I must dress you for Sunday school.' The Easter Sunday sunlight beamed through the dining-room window and followed Martha Ann into the bed-room where she jumped on a chair to be dressed. From where she stood she could look through a door at her back into a neat little kitchen and through a door to the left, in to a 'beautiful' parlor. But Martha Ann could not turn her head around much for her head was done up so tightly in such stiff papers. She had not found a comfortable position for her head all the night before and she was glad when it was morning and she could stand up. Now the papers were being dislocated and Martha Ann stood first on one foot and then on the other to keep from hallooing for joy.

'Now go and let Papa see you. Don't sit down if you can help it until it comes your time to speak.'

'Why, Martha Ann, you beat anything I ever saw. Come into the parlor and see what I have for you. Here's a real growing lily for you. It has buds on it and will last a long time.'

'For me! Oh, isn't it just beautiful? Thank you, thank you, Papa.'

'Don't touch it, dear; let it alone until you come home. And here, Martha Ann, are a whole dozen lilies for you to hold when you say your piece. Oh, I forgot the piece of ribbon. I'll get it while you wipe the stems, please, Mary.'

Martha Ann was perfectly speechless—'To hold while I say my piece?' O Papa, dear, dear papa!—O me, O my! What beauties!' and as well as she could she danced with glee from one foot to the other. Then, after rushing at her father and kissing him rapturously, she stood divided in her attention between her own lovely growing lily on the table and the huge bunch in her mother's hand.

'Now hold them just like this, dearie, when you speak; and Martha Ann, let me tell you what I want you to do with them when you get through your piece: give them to the superintendent and ask him to give them all out—one to every little girl who will not be apt to have a lily of her own to-day.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Come on, Martha Ann, let me carry them down to the door for you. Jack, take her hand, so that she doesn't fall down the steps; her shoes are a little stiff for her.'

'Now, Martha Ann, take them; you'd better go. Papa and I'll be around in time to hear you speak.'

Martha Ann stretched up two hands for the precious burden and turned to go. But a thought struck her. She looked up. 'O my, isn't this nice? Won't these lilies make lots of folks clean up though, and be good to their little girls!' and Martha Ann was gone!

They stood speechless; it was evidently more than they had expected from Martha Ann. 'I tell you, there's no telling what that little thing don't see and understand,' said Jack, as they turned, and he took Mary's arm to help her up-stairs.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents to the end of the year, and, while they last the back numbers of this year will also be included. The contents of the issue of March 15 are given below.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Mar. 15, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Irrepressible Conflict in the East—By G. Frederick Wright, in 'The Nation,' New York.
Vital Statistics—'American Medicine'
Russia and Japan—By T. Iyenaga, in New York 'Evening Post.'
National Defence—Letter of Samuel Smith, M.P., in 'The Times,' London.
'Compulsory Volunteering'—'The Spectator,' London.
Johannesburg To-day—Correspondence of 'The Mail,' London
Tolstoy—By T. P. O'Connor, in 'M. A. P.,' London.
Mr. Marconi on Wireless Telegraphy—'Morning Post,' London

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Paderewski's Opera, 'Manru'—Springfield 'Republican,' New York 'Evening Post,' and New York 'Tribune.'
The New School of British Music—By Ernest Newman, in 'The Speaker,' London

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY

Life and Death—Poem, by Ernest Crosby, in 'Conservator.'
Gorky's 'Twenty-six Men and a Girl'—By W. L. Courtney, in 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Mystic Rose: A study of Primitive Marriage—'The Spectator,' London.
Facts to Match [illegible] From 'Second Life Thoughts of an Indian Boy'
The [illegible] of the Fourth Gospel—By Dr. [illegible], Lord Bishop of Worcester [illegible] London.
'[illegible]' by Lawrence J. Burpee, published in the 'Transactions' of the Royal Geographical Society of Canada

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LESSON 1.—APRIL 6, 1902.

Saul of Tarsus Converted.

Acts ix., 1-12. Memory verses, 5, 6. Study Acts ix., 1-20.

Golden Text.

'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.'—Acts iii., 19.

Daily Readings.

Monday, March 31.—Acts ix., 1-9.
Tuesday, April 1.—Acts ix., 10-20.
Wednesday, April 2.—Acts ix., 21-31.
Thursday, April 3.—Acts xxii., 1-15.
Friday, April 4.—I. Tim. i., 12-17.
Saturday, April 5.—Gal. i., 11-24.
Sunday, April 6.—Eph. ii., 1-10.

Lesson Text.

(1) And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, (2) And desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem. (3) And as he journeyed, he came nearer Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: (4) And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? (5) And he said, Who are thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. (6) And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. (7) And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man. (8) And Saul arose from the earth, and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man: but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus. (9) And he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink. (10) And there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias; and to him said the Lord in a vision, Ananias. And he said, Behold, I am here Lord. (11) And the Lord said unto him, Arise and go into the street which is called Straight, and enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth. (12) And hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight.

Suggestions.

We now come to the central figure of the Apostolic church, the man who, next to his Master, has done the most for Christians of all ages. Saul the persecutor, who afterwards became known as Paul the Apostle, was born of a noble family in Tarsus, a large city near the north-east corner of the Mediterranean Sea.

The first glimpse we catch of this wonderful man is at the stoning of Stephen, the first Christian martyr. Directly after Stephen's death, to which Saul as a member of the Sanhedrim had given his full consent, Saul began a fierce persecution of the Christians (Acts viii., 3). Not content with making havoc of the church in Jerusalem, Saul wished to go to Damascus to stamp out the sect which he considered so dangerous. He therefore asked the high priest for letters of authority to take prisoner any Christians whom he might find there and bring them bound to Jerusalem, where they should be cast into the common prison as had been done to so many of their brethren.

The followers of Jesus Christ had not at that time received the name of Christians (Acts xi., 26), but they were called those of the Way, probably because they spoke so much about the Way of life, and the Way to God through Christ Jesus (John xiv., 6; Isa. xxxv., 8; Acts xix., 9, 23; Heb. x., 20). Just as nowadays in some of the heathen countries the Christian religion is spoken of as the Jesus Way, and the believers are called Jesus men and women. A new name sometimes makes us stop and think—Are we merely nominal Christians or can we truthfully be described as Jesus men, do we show forth his characteristics in our daily life so that we are recognized as disciples of Jesus Christ?

About noon, in the bright glare of the midday sun, Saul and his companions had nearly reached Damascus, when suddenly a marvellous light shone out from heaven, so great that the company were all blinded by its brightness and fell to the ground to cover their faces. Then Saul heard a voice calling to him, saying, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It was no doubt at this time that Saul actually saw the Lord Jesus (Acts ix., 17; I. Cor., xv., 8; Acts xxii., 6-16; xxvi., 13-19), and awed by the glorious majesty of his presence he tremblingly asked, Who are thou, Lord? To which the Lord replied, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks (or goads). The Lord Jesus counts as done to himself all that is done to or for his followers (Matt. xxv, 40; Prov. xiv, 31; xix, 17; Heb. vi., 10).

Then Saul asked what the Lord Jesus would have him to do, and was told to arise and go into the city and the Lord would show him there what he wished. It was at that moment that Saul gave his heart's allegiance to Christ, but it took some days for him to fully understand what the Lord wanted him to do.

Notes From Peloubet.

To kick against the pricks, i.e., as unruly oxen sometimes did. The more they kicked them, the more they injured themselves, without escaping from their work. 'This was a common Greek proverb, expressive of the impotent rage which hurts itself instead of its object, and is found in Aeschylus, Euripides, and Pindar.'—Eugene Stock. This expression, and the first clause of v. 6, are omitted in the revised version, because omitted from the best manuscripts; but they belong to the story, because we find them in Paul's own account of his conversion (Acts xxii., 10; xxvi., 14).

Kicking against the goads. Paul was fighting against his own awakened conscience; against the true interpretation of the prophecies concerning the Messiah; against the truth about Jesus; against the influences of the Holy Spirit; against the providence of God; against eternal and invincible forces.

And he was three days without sight. The blindness of Saul was, no doubt, mercifully intended by providence to compel him to attend without distraction to the great matters which had been placed before him. The state of his mind may be gathered from the fact that he took no food or drink during that interval.

The Conflict. Without doubt, these three days were a season of intense inward conflict, alone and in darkness. It may be compared to the temptations of Jesus in the wilderness. The seventh chapter of Romans gives us some idea of one part of this conflict.

On the one side was his duty, his allegiance to truth, his call from heaven, his conscience, the true, the beautiful, but less worldly and brilliant career for his nation and the world.

On the other hand was the necessity of giving up his ambitions and hopes; his family who would doubtless cast him off; his friends among the rulers; his wealth exchanged for poverty; his honors for sneers, reproaches, and hate; his comfortable life for danger, toil, and death. Even more than these personal matters was the question concerning the glorious hopes for his nation, the ideals and visions of the prophets, of Jerusalem, the capital of the world, of all nations bowing down to the Jews and their religion, the Gentiles coming to its light, and kings to the brightness of its rising (Isa., lx., 2), and all that magnificent picture more radiant with glory than the greatest poet ever dreamed. How could this come to pass with an obscure teacher for the Messiah, and even him crucified. Then how could he give up the Word of God as he understood it, and the religion God had given them.

On the other hand he had some helps to a decision.

1. 'Versed as he was in the Bible, he could, even in his blindness, search the Scriptures, and, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, was enabled clearly to discern the whole scheme of Christian doctrine in its fullness and truth.'—Kitto.

2. He had seen something of the moral beauties of the disciples of Christ, in contrast wth the character of most of the Jews. A nation of Stephens and Johns would be wonderful in its spiritual and political life.

3. His vision of Jesus proved that he was alive. He could not believe in a dead Messiah. The vision rolled away the stone from the sepulchre, and Paul saw an ascended, divine, glorious Messiah.

4. During this time probably was brought before him the vision of what God would have him do, the work for which he was chosen by God, a glorious and blessed work (Acts xxvi., 16-18), and perhaps also some of his sufferings for Christ's sake (v. 16). This was a strong motive for deciding aright. For any true soul there is no louder call to be a Christian than the call to heroism, to work, and to suffer for the most glorious cause ever presented to the soul of man.

First: Paul went to work immediately for his Master. Preached (proclaimed) Christ (Jesus) in the synagogues. He gave his religious experience, testifying to what Jesus had done for him, and that Jesus was the Messiah. The common version says Christ, that is, the true Messiah, who was Jesus. The revised version says 'Jesus,' that is, that Jesus was the true Messiah whom the Jew hoped for and the prophets had foretold.

Second: Paul went into retirement. From a comparison of the following verses with Gal. i., 15-18, we learn, that after preaching awhile he went into Arabia, either in the desert regions near Damascus, or in the region of Sinai, full of memories of Moses and Elijah. Here he remained three years. There was need of no little meditation and study before Paul could understand the Scriptures sufficiently to preach them aright. So Christ waited till he was 30 years old before he began his mission.

The change wrought in Paul by his conversion. First. The purpose and trend of his life was changed. Henceforth he lived wholly for Jesus, and for the salvation of men. The change was not in patriotism, or in care for religion, or in energy, or mental vigor, but in the use to which he put all these. He was like a fine engine with all its powers switched off on another track, in another direction. He was like a servant which changed masters; like an emigrant who took the oath of allegiance to another country.

Second. He was changed in his relations to Jesus. He now accepted him as the Messiah, the Saviour of the world.

Third. He was changed in the quality of his morality. Before, he was sincere, but sincerely wrong; now he was sincerely right. Before, he was self-righteous; now his morality was inspired by love. Before, he was formally legal, pharisaical, narrow, in his virtues; now his moral character grew out of a new heart and a right spirit.

Fourth. He was changed in his views of religion and of God, and in his understanding of God's Word.

Fifth. Hence he was changed in his life-work. Thus he was indeed a new creation, with new life, new character, new motives, new hopes, new love, new purpose, new work.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., April 6.—Topic.—Growing in grace, II. Pet. iii., 17, 18; I. Pet. ii., 1, 2; Eph. iv., 12-15.

Junior C. E. Topic.

BIBLE COMMANDMENTS.

Mon., March 31.—Daily trust. Ps. lxii., 8.
Tues., April 1.—Daily pledge-keeping. Ps. lxi., 8.
Wed., April 2.—Daily praise. Ps. lxxii., 15.
Thu., April 3.—Daily cross-bearing. Luke ix., 23.
Fri., April 4.—Daily Bible-reading. Acts xvii., 11.
Sat., April 5.—Daily prayer. Ps. lvii., 17.
Sun., April 6.—Topic—Bible commandments about our daily life. I. Cor. x., 31.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

LITTLE FOLKS

Jemmy's Mother's Bonnet.

'I want you to put jes' as many vi'lets on as you ken fer twenty cents, right there in the front, so't they'll stick up an' look kind o' stylish.' It was a thin, sickly-looking little boy that spoke. The young girl behind the counter smiled, but there were tears in her eyes as the grimy fingers undid the ungainly newspaper bundle, and took out a rusty black straw bonnet, which had seen a great deal of service.

'It's fur my mother,' he continued, 'an' it's a surprise. Do you think you ken git it done fur me by the time I take my papers down to the office and git back?'

'Oh, yes,' said the girl; 'only don't hurry too much. What is your name?'

'Jem,' answered the boy; 'an' I won't. An' there's the twenty cents. I'd wait fur it a couple o' hours if I had to.'

He passed out, whistling cheerily. The clerk opened her shopping bag, and taking out a bottle of shoe polish began applying it vigorously to the faded straw.

'Are you really going to try to fix up that old thing?' enquired another clerk, 'and take your noon hour, too? Catch me! Why didn't you give him the violets and let him go? Twenty cents' worth—humph!'

'Indeed, I am going to fix it up for the poor little fellow,' was the earnest reply. 'Just think, Mary, I suppose he's saved up that twenty cents for weeks! I'm so glad I happened to get this blacking this morning. You can't tell the bonnet when I get through with it, see if you can!'

She hummed a happy little song, as she went putting on coat after coat, deftly turning the straw up here and down there.

'Mrs. Brown,' she said, as the proprietor of the store entered, 'will you give me thirty-five cents' worth of violets at wholesale? A poor little boy has brought me his mother's bonnet to trim, and I want to add a few violets to what he has ordered, and make it just as pretty as I can.'

'Indeed, I will,' the proprietor answered; 'and good measure at that!' And so it came about that the poor black bonnet was transformed into a beautiful 'shiny' one, with bunches of violets peeping out here and there from the ribbons, so cunningly arranged that the worn, faded parts could hardly be discerned.

'Oh, you don't mean it; you don't mean that's my mother's bunit, and all fur twenty cents?' exclaimed Jem, coming back just as the finishing touch was being given. 'Oh, what lots o' vi'lets! How did you git it so shiny? Oh, she'll be jes' tickled to death!'

It was a wonderfully happy little boy who gazed from the bonnet into the clerk's face.

As the door closed behind him, one who had been a silent spectator of it all went up to the young girl, and laying her hand on her shoulder said: 'This has been a lesson to me, my dear, a lesson that I can never forget. Out of the abundance with which the Lord has blessed me, I have begrudged to the poor and needy within my gate. Please God, it shall never happen again!'

In her simple way, the girl pondered upon the woman's words, and wondered what her life had been, and what it would be. Ah, who can say! As the circles of a pool into which a pebble has been cast widen and widen until the ripples reach beyond our sight, so the influene of a noble, generous act, though one the world might call a small one, goes on and on through all eternity.—'Our Boys and Girls.'

CHINESE CONVERTS BRINGING THEIR DISCARDED IDOLS TO A MISSIONARY.

From an album of Native Drawings presented to Archdeacon Wolfe.

[The inscription in the corner means 'Putting aside the False and Returning the True.' The tablet over the doorway reads 'The Fount-of-Doctrine Hall.']

Tessie's Doll.

They were playing on the shore Tessie and Baby. Tessie might paddle, but Baby was too young. So Baby cried, and begged for Tessie's doll. But Tessie said, 'No, it's mine.' And to make sure that Baby did not get it, she went away and leaned against the churchyard wall.

There she saw a strange sight. A long troop of people coming to the church, and some were crying.

'What's that?' said Tessie.

'It is a funeral—a baby's funeral,' said Nurse. 'The baby is dead, and they are going to put her to sleep in the churchyard. See, that is her little sister crying.'

'Why does she cry?' asked Tessie.

'Well, she cries because she can't play with the baby any more.'

'Will our baby die?' asked Tessie.

'I'm sure I hope not,' said the Nurse, hugging Baby very tight.

Tessie felt uncomfortable deep down in her little heart. She was still hugging her doll close. She took it out and looked at it, and then stuffed it into Baby's arms without a word.

'There's a kind little sister,' said Nurse. And then Tessie felt

glad and happy again, and went and watched them lay the strange baby in its churchyard bed, where it was going to sleep sweetly till the Day of Resurrection.—'Buds of Promise.'

A Song of Easter Eggs.

Pink and blue and yellow and green—
Prettiest eggs that ever were seen!
Eggs with pictures of birds and bees;
Eggs with tracings of vines and trees;
Eggs with gilding, and eggs without;
Eggs with ribbons round about;
Beautiful eggs for hands that are small—
And Little Maid Margery owns them all!

A big white room where nurses go
With softest footfalls to and fro;
Row upon row of little white beds,
Row upon row of restless heads;
And Little Maid Margery up and down,
Carrying eggs in a basket brown—
Beautiful eggs for hands that are small—
And the hospital children own them all!—Emma C. Dowd.

Lizzie's Treats.

(By Eva A. Madden, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

(Continued.)

'Do you think a girl who has acted as you have deserves a better fate?' her teacher asked. 'You have brought all this on your good mother, and for what? That you might have for friends girls who will drop you in a moment when they know of your true position in life. No, do not protest, I know the world better than you, my child. The first to desert us are those for whom we do wrong.'

He paused, waiting the effect of his words.'

Lizzie instinctively turned to her mother, always her refuge in trouble.

'Oh, mamma,' she sobbed, 'I'm sorry, indeed I am. Please, please, ask him to let me stay. I mustn't lose my education. I want to teach and take care of you.'

For once her mother failed her. The girl's imploring voice had no effect.

'If you want book-learning, Lizzie, you'll have to get it yourself. You've 'bout broken my heart. None of my family have ever stolen before—I call it stealing,' and she gave a sigh that made her daughter sob afresh.

'And, professor,' she continued, 'I'll do my best to pay back that money to Aunt Sally.' Lizzie had forgotten for the moment that the debt was still unpaid.

'Am I expelled?' the girl asked, glancing hesitatingly up at the principal.

'I hate not to give you a chance to redeem yourself,' he answered slowly. 'Go home now, and think over what I am going to propose. To-morrow, give me your answer. For your mother's sake.' He lingered with emphasis on the words, 'You can withdraw from school, and I will hush the matter entirely up and nobody will be the wiser. Or you may continue in school on probation with the penalty that you tell your friends your true position in life. As to Aunt Sally, your mother must not pay her.' Lizzie shook her head. 'I need some one in the office to copy for me. I will pay in return, a small sum each week. You may, if you choose, do this work. I had meant to engage Delia. Remember, Lizzie, this means a great deal of work. You must study your lessons entirely at home, for I shall need you in study hours, at recess, and after school. Never mind your answer now,' for 'I will do it, sir,' was forming on Lizzie's lips.

'Think over it, and don't forget your friends will know you are to be my office girl, just like Delia. Go home now, and let us hope this is a beginning of better things for you.'

The next morning she came timidly to the office. 'I'll do it,' sir,' she said humbly. Professor Sloane smiled approvingly, already noting a change in the girl's manner. Was this the Lizzie of the bounteous luncheons, this girl meekly thanking him for letting her be 'office girl'? At recess came her trial. Instead of Aunt Sally's goodies, for it was her day to treat, she produced four sandwiches. Caroline stared in surprise and even Lucy opened her blue eyes, for the bread was thick and the napkin of the coarsest quality.

'I can't afford Aunt Sally, girls,' said Lizzie, bravely, swallowing her pride, and trying not to see Carolyn give Amy a pinch on the arm. 'Will you have a sandwich?' and she held them toward Amy?

'Thank you,' said Lucy, quickly, interrupting Amy's 'I never eat ham,' and taking the thickest one. 'I'm awfully fond of sandwiches,' she hastily went on. 'These look good. Try one Carrie,' and she passed them to Carolyn, ignoring the latter's disdain.

'Girls,' went on Lizzie, who, having made the first step towards right-doing, found the second less difficult, 'I ought never to have afforded those luncheons. I owe Aunt Sally for them now, and I'm going to do office work to pay for them.'

It was out now, and she stood waiting the result, her face crimson with shame. Her friends were dumb with astonishment. This, then, was the explanation of the talks with Aunt Sally.

Carolyn, with an air of 'I told you so,' drew herself up haughtily. 'I can afford,' she began, when Lucy's hand slipped over her mouth.

'Don't,' she said, in a low voice. 'That's too bad, Lizzie,' turning to the miserable-looking girl, 'for that means we cannot see you at recess, doesn't it? None of us, you know, return next year, and our pleasant times together are over. We begin with Professor Wharton in September, you see. Perhaps, though, you could spend some afternoon with us?'

Lizzie shook her head. 'After this,' she said heroically, 'I'm going to help mother with the sewing. She sews for a living.'

'Your mother! Sewing!' exclaimed Carolyn and Amy, while Lucy asked in surprise, 'Why, Lizzie, we thought—don't you live with Mrs. Arlington at Third and Chestnut?'

Lizzie shook her head. 'I live on Ninth street,' she said without looking at Carolyn.

'And the bundles I saw you with?'—put in that young lady.

'Were sewing for mother from Mrs. Arlington, or' and here poor Lizzie's courage almost failed her, 'Miss Emily's dresses to be made over for me.'

The enormity of the disclosures amazed even Carolyn. Shrugging her shoulders she turned towards Amy, and began discussing the latter's luncheon, until now kept secret from Lizzie, since she was not to be invited. Lucy, with quick tact, plunged into a discussion of the Latin lesson, and when the bell rang, asked her discomfited companion if she wouldn't come some time and see her.

Lizzie thanked her but never went. With her repentance, came the realization that her life could never be one with these girls, whose sinful friendship had so flattered her foolish vanity. It was a hard lesson, but she learned it, and when years later coming or going from the school, where she was a valued teacher, she would chance to pass Lucy's handsome home, or receive a well-bred stare from Carolyn, or a nod from Amy in her pretty carriage she would blush to remember her foolish pride and where it had led her.

'To think,' she would say, 'it was for those girls I was willing to break mother's heart.'

(The End.)

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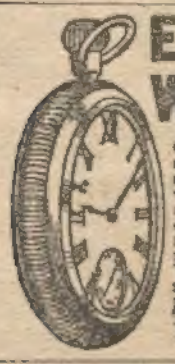

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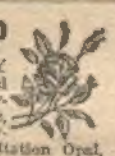

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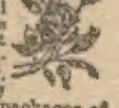

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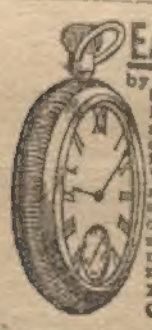

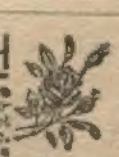

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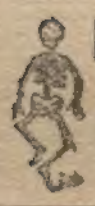

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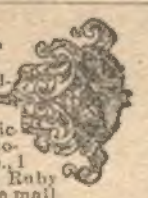
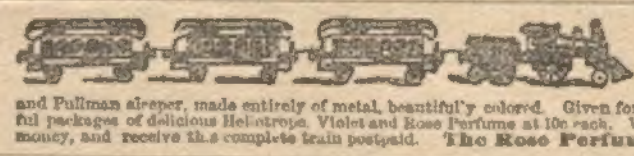
FREE CAMERA AND OUTFIT

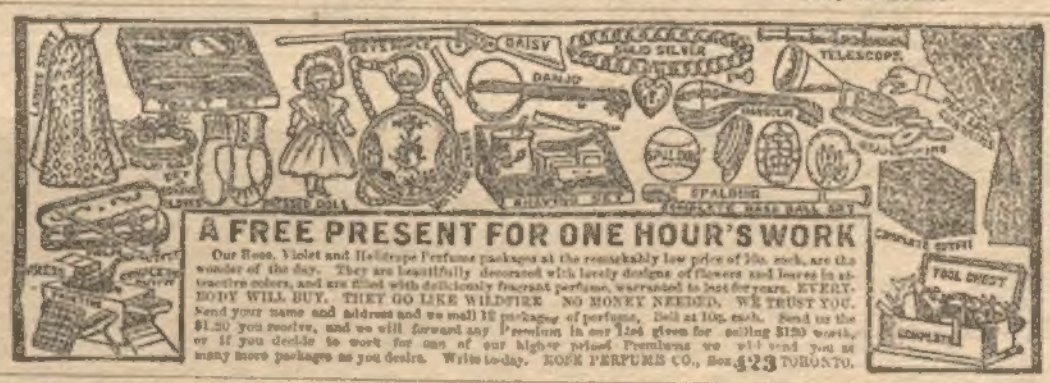


Given for selling at only 15c. each, only 10 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This camera takes a picture 2 x 2 inches. With it any boy or girl can make good photographs. The Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo., 1 Printing Frame, 2 developing Trays, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper, 1 pkg. Silver paper, and full Directions. Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send your Camera and Outfit, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 427. TORONTO**



FREE Lightning Express.—

Runs by clockwork. Consists of an up-to-date locomotive, a tender, flat car, box car, passenger coach and Pullman sleeper, made entirely of metal, beautifully colored. Given for selling only 4 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money, and receive this complete train postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 412, Toronto.**



A FREE PRESENT FOR ONE HOUR'S WORK

Our Rose, Violet and Heliotrope Perfume packages at the remarkably low price of 10c. each, are the wonder of the day. They are beautifully decorated with lovely designs of flowers and leaves in attractive colors, and are filled with deliciously fragrant perfume, warranted to last for years. EVERYBODY WILL BUY. THEY GO LIKE WILDFIRE NO MONEY NEEDED, WE TRUST YOU. Send your name and address and we mail 12 packages of perfume, Sell at 10c. each. Send us the $1.20 you receive, and we will forward any Premium in our List given for selling $1.20 worth, or if you decide to work for one of our higher priced Premiums we will send you as many more packages as you desire. Write to-day. ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 423 TORONTO.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

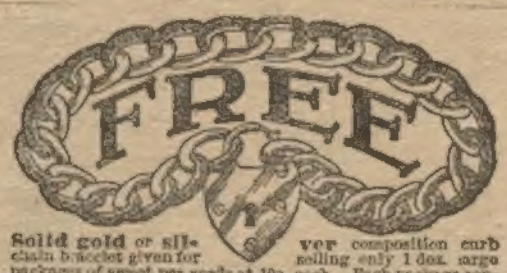
A Solid Gold Lady's or Gent's Watch costs from **$25 to 250. Don't throw your money away.** If you want a watch that will equal in appearance and time-keeping qualities any **Solid Gold Watch** ever made, send us your name and address at once and agree to sell at 10c. each only 3 doz. packages of delightfully sweet Violet, Heliotrope and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. The packages are covered with lovely designs of flowers and leaves in colors. Their beauty is excelled only by their fragrance. A single package will perfume a trunk, bureau drawer or handkerchief box for years. **They sell like hot cakes. Read what agents say:** "I received the Perfume and sold it all in 15 minutes."—THOS. BARRY, Ainleyville, Ont. "I sold all the Perfume in less than half an hour."—ARCHIE STEELE, Sarnia Tunnel, Ont. **Don't miss the chance of your life.** Write to-day and we will mail the Perfume. When sold send us the money and we will forward you this magnificent **Watch.** It is richly Gold finished, elegantly engraved, stem wind and set and fitted with a fully jewelled movement **fully guaranteed.** It looks like a $50 Solid Gold Watch. All we ask is that when you receive the Watch you will show it to your friends and tell them how you got it. Hundreds have received Watches from us and are more than delighted with them. "I received the gold watch yesterday and must say that I am more than pleased and satisfied with it. It far exceeds my expectations."—LENA KEELER, Welcome, Ont. "I got my watch all right and think it is a dandy. Everybody was surprised at it. You have treated me well."—THOMAS RIDGE, Pontypool, Ont. "I received my watch all right about two weeks ago and I am very well pleased with it. My friends praise it highly."—ELBERT EVANS, Duncan's Sta., B.C. **THIS IS A GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITY TO GET A FINE WATCH WITHOUT PAYING A CENT FOR IT.** Write at once.

CANADIAN PREMIUM SYNDICATE, Toronto, Ontario.

FREE FREE BICYCLE FREE

Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle. We are **giving them away absolutely free** for selling at 15c. each, only 4 doz. beautiful full length Hat Pins with exquisitely designed Gold-finished Tops set with large brilliant imitation Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, etc. They look well worth 50c. and **go like wildfire** at our special price of 15c. **Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength, beauty and cheapness. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal at less than $20.00.** They have seamless steel tube enamelled frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles, new shape handle bars and genuine faultless ball bearings throughout. **Every Bicycle we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is the chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it.** Write at once and we will send Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will tell your friends how you got it. **THE AGENTS TRADING CO., BOX 450 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

FREE



Solid gold or silver composition curb chain bracelet given for selling only 1 doz. large packages of sweet pea seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write and we mail seeds. Sell them, return money, and receive this beautiful bracelet in a neat box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 431 Toronto.**

FREE GOLD CASED

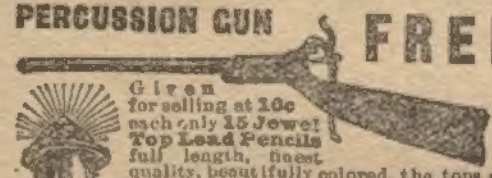
Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $30.00. We give it for selling only 3 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and receive this handsome Gold Cased watch, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 429 TORONTO**

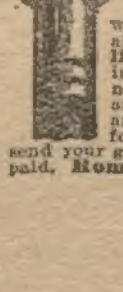
FREE

We give this reliable Boy's Watch for selling 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10 cts. each; or this dainty and accurate Ladies' Watch with ornamented dial and gold hands for selling 3 dozen. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant varieties of all colors. Write and we mail seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your watch postpaid. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once

THE PRIZE SEED CO., Box 459 Toronto.

PERCUSSION GUN FREE





Given for selling at 10c each only 15 Jewel Top Lead Pencils full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. **Just out. They go like Wildfire.** This splendid Rifle is 26 inches long, of the latest model, with bright nickel barrel, improved lock and hammer, and polished wood stock. It explodes caps and shoots shot, slugs and darts. Write for Pencils. Sell them, return $1.50 and we send your gun with 100 percussion caps, all charges paid. **Rome Specialty Co., Box 421 Toronto.**

Advertisements.

FREE

Gold Inlaid Solid Alaska Silver Watch, open face, stem wind and set, screw back and bezel, highly finished and positively dust proof. The movement is **full-jewelled** with quick train and expansion balance, perfectly regulated and adjusted, a thoroughly reliable **Time-keeper. Given** for selling only 3 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 largest most fragrant flowering varieties. **Everybody buys them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money, and we send this magnificent Gold Inlaid Watch, postpaid. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 413 Toronto**

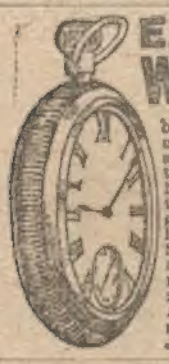
FREE

Solid Gold or Silver composition curb chain bracelet given for selling at 15c. each only 2 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.05, and receive this beautiful Bracelet postpaid. **JEWELRY CO., BOX 421 TORONTO.**

We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling at 15c only 4 fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops, set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return 60c and receive this knife, postpaid. FREE **JEWELRY CO., BOX 448 Toronto**

FREE

New Princess Bracelet, elegant design consisting of 23 large beautiful imitation pearls 48 splendid deep blue imitation Turquoise and a superb medallion of a beautiful Cherub in colors in a fancy Gold setting. Given for selling only 3 large beautiful packages of delicious Rose, Violet and Heliotrope Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return 60c, and we mail this superb Bracelet. Rose Perfume Co., Box 452 Toronto.



EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at 15c. each only 16 fashionable Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome rubies, amethysts, emeralds, etc. **They are something entirely new.** Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co., Box 403, Toronto.**

FREE
OPALS AND RUBIES

Elegantly engraved Gold-laid ring, set with 3 large beautiful imitation **Opals,** showing all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, and 4 exquisitely cut fiery flashing **Rubies.** A magnificent piece of jewelry. Looks well worth $5.00. Given for selling, at 10c. each, only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea seeds, each package containing 42 of the largest flowering and most fragrant varieties. They sell like hot cakes. Write for seeds, sell them, return $1.20, and we mail this superb Ring in a velvet box. **Prize Seed Co., Box 419 Toronto.**

PERCUSSION GUN **FREE**

Given for selling only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** This splendid Rifle is 25 inches long, of the latest model, with bright nickel barrel, improved lock and hammer, and polished wood stock. It explodes caps and shoots shot, slugs and darts. Write for Seeds. Sell them, return $1.00 and we send your gun with 100 percussion caps, all charges paid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 421 TORONTO.**

FREE WATCH

Boys! We give this handsome and reliable nickel plated American Watch, also a Chain and Charm, for selling only 2 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 of the largest flowering and most fragrant varieties. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return $2.40, and receive this Watch, with Chain and Charm. Prize Seed Co., Box 458 Toronto.

Advertisements.

STERLING SILVER
WATCH & CHAIN
KNIFE
SILVER PLATED SPOONS
SCISSORS
Beautiful Presents FREE To Boys and Girls.
We are giving away hundreds of presents absolutely free to boys, girls and ladies, for selling at 10c. each, eight or more beautiful gold finished Hat Pins, with elegantly designed tops, set with superb imitation Turquoise, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. These Hat Pins sold in the big Toronto stores at 25c. each, and elsewhere at 30c. and 50c. At our price, only 10c., our agents everywhere say THEY GO LIKE WILDFIRE. Write and we mail eight Hat Pins. Sell them, return $1.20 and we send you any Premium in our list given for selling $1.20 worth, or if you wish to secure one of our higher priced premiums, we will send you more Hat Pins. A GRAND CHANCE FOR YOU. Write to-day. AGENTS TRADING CO., Box 438 TORONTO.

RIBBON REMNANT BARGAINS SPLENDID VALUES

These Ribbons are all from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. You cannot buy such fine Ribbons as these at any store without paying many times what we ask. Our stock of Ribbons from which we make up these packages consists of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles. All colors. No remnant less than one yard long. All first-class useful goods. Carefully packed in boxes and sent, postpaid, at 25c. a box, or 3 boxes for 50. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 Toronto.**

44 PIECE TEA SET

FREE 44 PIECE CHINA TEA SET

12 CUPS, 12 SAUCERS, 12 TEA PLATES, 2 CAKE PLATES, 1 TEA POT AND COVER, 1 SUGAR BOWL AND COVER, 1 CREAMER AND 1 SLOP BOWL. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated in pale green or terra cotta red. A REGULAR $5.00 SET. GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable gold finished Hat Pins, elegantly designed and set with superb imitation Rubies, Emeralds Turquoise, Sapphires, etc. These pins sell regularly in the big Toronto stores at 25c. At our price, 15c. THEY GO LIKE WILDFIRE. Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we ship this MAGNIFICENT 44 PIECE TEA SET, carefully packed. Write to-day. THE AGENTS TRADING CO., Box 436 TORONTO.

STEEL AIR RIFLE FREE

Given for selling only 1½ doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. This Rifle is of the best make and model, with nickel barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Rifle. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once. Our Sweet Pea packages sell themselves. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 447 TORONTO.**

FREE CAMERA AND OUTFIT

for selling only 15 large packages of sweet pea seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. This Camera takes a picture 2 x 2 inches. The Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo, 1 Printing Frame, 2 Developing Trays, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper, 1 pkg. Silver Paper and full Directions. Write, and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return the money, and we send Camera and Outfit carefully packed, postpaid. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once. The Prize Seed Co., Box 427 Toronto.

FREE

GRAPHOPHONE

Given for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five Selections as follows: Speech; "Song of sixpence"; "The Mocking Bird"; Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc.; and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send this splendid Graphophone and Outfit with complete instructions. **Jewelry Co., Box 410 Toronto.**

FREE **GOLD WATCH**

LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE, handsome Gold-silvered Double Hunting Case, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs. Stem wind and set with reliable JEWELLED movement. LOOKS WELL WORTH $50.00. We give it ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling at 15c. each only 32 fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops, set with handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. THEY SELL LIKE HOT CAKES. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and receive this handsome Watch postpaid. AGENTS TRADING CO., Box 438, TORONTO.

FREE
3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return $1.00 and receive this beautiful Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 409 Toronto**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling at **15c.** each only 4 Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return the money, and we send this well-made real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., all charges paid. **THE JEWELRY CO., Box 445 Toronto, Ontario.**

FREE **GOLD WATCH**

Lady or Gent's size, handsomely engraved double hunting case, 14k. gold finished, stem wind and set, with reliable **jewelled** movement given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money and receive your handsome watch, postpaid. **The Prize Seed Co., Box 434 Toronto, Ont.**

FREE 3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a beautifully engraved gold Ring given for selling only 10 beautiful Bouquet Stick Pins at 10c. each. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Pin Co., Box 409 Toronto.**

Magic Lantern

With powerful adjustable lenses, showing dozens of comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling at 15c each, only 3 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for pins. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. Jewelry Co., Box 419 Toronto.

FREE We give this handsome polish ed nickel Watch American Lever Movement, for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. Write and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your pearl reliable Watch, postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 403 TORONTO.**